The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 24. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1871—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NO. 317.

WANTED—MALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

BOARD WANTED.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FINANCIAL.

AGENTS WANTED.

MACHINERY.

PERSONAL.

FOR SALE.

PARTNERS WANTED.

SEWING MACHINES.

FOREIGN.

Celebration of the Papal Jubilee at Rome on Friday.

Grand Court Dinner at the Imperial Palace, Berlin.

Postponement of the French Military Review.

A General Revolution Imminent in Mexico.

ITALY.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

ROME, June 16.—The jubilee of Pope Pius IX. was celebrated to-day.

FRANCE.

THE MILITARY REVIEW.

PARIS, June 17.—The grand review of 100,000 troops at Longchamps has been postponed, in consequence of rains.

GERMANY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

BELGIUM.

SWEDEN.

GREECE.

MEXICO.

NEW YORK.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE LEGISLATURE.

No Quorum in the Senate—The House Not in Session—The Penitentiary Bill.

Important Insurance Decision.

New Developments in the Medicott Murder Case.

PARASOLS, FANS, ETC.

WEBSTER BROTHERS,
84 Wabash-av.,

Offer this week Unusual Attractions in their Parasol Department. Prices reduced from 30 to 50 per cent.

Children's Parasols, 37c, 50c, and 75c.

Children's Parasols, Lined, 85c, $1, and $1.50.

A large variety of Silk and Pongee, plain and fancy designs, at much less than the same quality are sold elsewhere.

50 doz. assorted styles from Auction at half their original cost.

100 doz. Fans to be sold within the next ten days.

10 cases of Choice Fine Turbans, now all the rage, at Wholesale Prices.

The last week of our immense slaughter of Straw Goods. 50 cases more at Retail for less than the cost of manufacturing. Remember, our advertisements mean just as they read.

WEBSTER BROS., 84 Wabash-av

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE.

The Largest, most Elegant and Extensive Assortment of Parlor, Library, Chamber, Dining-Room and Office

FURNITURE

LARGE REDUCTION IN PRICES

Through Our Entire Stock.

GILBERT & SAMPSON, FURNITURE DEALERS, 113 and 115 State-st.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE,

Wm. W. Strong, 303 Randolph-st.

GENTS' GOODS.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF New Goods.

The Latest Styles in Linens, Duck and Marseilles Suits for Children and Boys. Also, a large line of Cassimere Suits, which I am offering at GREAT BARGAINS.

70 - MADISON-ST. - 70

CHAS. TREADWELL.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

NEW GOODS.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, Silver and Plated Ware, AT TYLER'S, 108 CLARK-ST.

UP STAIRS PARLOR.

K. OF P.

Knights of Pythias.

WANTED TO RENT.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

PERSONAL.

FRUITS.

Fruits, &c.

Just arriving and FOR SALE LOW to the trade:

1,500 Boxes Lemons.

1,000 Boxes Oranges.

3,000 Boxes Fire Crackers.

1,000,000 Torpedoes.

500 Bags African Peanuts.

200 Bags Wilmington Peanuts

Also a large assortment of Cigars ranging in price from $30 to $90.

P. L. CARRITY, 33 and 35 River-st.

PINE LANDS.

PINE LANDS FOR SALE.

1,000,000 to 1,500,000 Feet to a Quarter Section.

GEO. B. BURROWS, Madison, Wis.

PICNIC.

FIRST ANNUAL PICNIC OF Home Lodge, No. 416, I. O. O. F., WILL BE HELD AT NORTH EVANSTON, ON TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1871.

ODD FELLOWS' PICNIC.

MILLINERY.

MILLINERY!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

HYMAN & NATHAN, 119 Lake-st.

Flowers, Laces, Ribbons, Cheap.

Special Inducements in Underwear.

HYMAN & NATHAN'S, 119 LAKE-ST.

DENTISTRY.

D. M. TOWNER & CO., DENTISTS, 155 & 157 SOUTH CLARK-ST., 181 & 183 WEST MADISON-ST., CHICAGO.

VITALIZED AIR GIVEN IN EXTRACTING TEETH.

NO PAIN. NO DANGER.

LIST OF PRICES:

Extracting Teeth, each ... 50

Artificial Sets, Gum Teeth ... $15.00

Pure Gold Fillings ... $2.00 to $4.00

Silver, Tin or Cement ... $1.00 to $3.00

TEETH EXTRACTED AND NEW ONES SET SAME DAY.

PAPER.

G. H. & L. LAFLIN, LATE LAFLIN, BUTLER & CO., (OLD STAND) No. 44 State-st., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Coarse & Fine Papers Of Every Description.

REMOVAL. PAPER. PAPER. PAPER.

J. W. BUTLER & CO., Successors to LAFLIN, BUTLER & CO., 144 and 146 Monroe-st.

EXCURSIONS.

All Aboard for the Fishing Banks!

SPLENDID FISHING.

THE STEAMER **Sarah Van Epps**

Fishing Banks and Calumet River, (SOUTH CHICAGO), At 7 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

WOOD AND COAL.

WOOD AND COAL.

GOIT & CURTISS, 238 Van Buren, cor. Market-st.

SEE HERE.

LUMBER.

HENRY N. HOLDEN, HARDWOOD LUMBER,

FIRE WORKS.

FIREWORKS! The Largest Stock WEST OF NEW YORK, SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICES, AT 57 DEARBORN-ST.

CHARLES MORRIS, Manufacturer.

SAPOLIENE.

FRAGRANT SAPOLIENE

FRAGRANT SAPOLIENE CO.

SHIRTS.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR SHIRTS,

TOMLINSON, 80 STATE STREET.

DISINFECTANTS.

CARBOLIC ACID, FOR DISINFECTING. CARBOLIC TABLETS, FOR CATARRH. CHLORAL TABLETS, FOR NERVOUSNESS.

J. H. HIRSH & CO., 183 Lake-st.

BANK STATEMENTS.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF CHICAGO, At the Close of Business on the 10th Day of June, 1871.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF CHICAGO, At the Close of Business, June 10, 1871.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Union National Bank OF CHICAGO, At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the Close of Business, June 10, 1871.

TRUNKS.

TRUNKS.

GEO. W. FLAVELL, SENSATION TRUNK.

WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

HASKINS! 90 RANDOLPH-ST., WINDOW SHADES, DRAPERIES, LACE CURTAINS, CORNICES, &c.

PATENTS.

PATENTS. E. HAVEN & CO. OFFICE, 133 CLARK-ST.

REMOVAL.

FINE ARTS. REMOVAL.

REMOVAL.

CHINESE GOODS.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE GOODS. NEW FANS, FISHING RODS, AND KITES.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

TOILETINE.

NILSSON AGAIN.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL.

NEW HOTEL AT RIVERSIDE.

An elegantly appointed Hotel from designs prepared by W. L. B. JENNEY, Esq., is in progress of construction at Riverside, to be completed on or before July 1. It is so arranged that—with the REFECTORY, for culinary and dining purposes, and the PAVILION for billiards and lounging, both 300 feet removed from the main building, though connected by a covered verandah—it will afford families the quiet and comfort so much desired, and nowhere else attainable.

The rooms are all large, light, and well ventilated; 12 trains each way per day between Chicago and Riverside; commutation, $20 per quarter, and family tickets at 14c. per ride; 11 miles of splendid drives; good facilities for boating, fishing, billiards, &c., affording business men recreation in the society of their families without interfering with business.

Rooms for the season may now be engaged from the plans, which may be seen at my office, 23 Washington-st. Occupation to be given July 1 next.

H. M. KINSLEY, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE TIME-TABLE.

RIVERSIDE TIME TABLE.

The improvements at Riverside COMPLETED, afford nine miles of roads, and seven miles of walks for the pleasure of the residents and visitors. For the better accommodation of the residents of Riverside, and those visiting it in quest of homes, or for pleasure, the following extraordinary accommodations are offered by the Railroad Company:

Excursion Tickets to Riverside and return, can be obtained at the Ticket Office of the Railroad Company, 63 South Clark-st., or at the Union Depot, foot of Lake-st., at half price.

BANKING.

FOR FOREIGN EXCHANGE, APPLY TO HENRY GREENEBAUM & CO., BANKERS, Corner Lake and LaSalle-sts.

Union Insurance and Trust Co. Savings Bank.

133 Dearborn-st., N. E. Cor. Madison.

FOURTH OF JULY.

FIREWORKS! THE BEST! THE CHEAPEST!

WHOLESALE AGENCY, 109 Dearborn-st.

INSURANCE.

OFFICE OF THE United States Life Insurance Co., INCORPORATED 1850.

This old and established LIFE COMPANY are desirous of employing a few more men of integrity and experience as canvassers in Chicago and Northern Illinois. Applications may be made to

BANKER BROS. & GREENE, General Managers, 134 Washington-st., Chicago.

SCALES.

FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES OF ALL SIZES. FAIRBANKS, GREENLEAF & Co. 137 & 139 State St., CHICAGO.

FORSYTH'S U. S. STANDARD SCALES.

HOWE'S SCALES. FOR SIMPLICITY, ACCURACY, NICETY OF MOVEMENT, THEY EXCEL ANY MADE. 37 STATE-ST.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND. MAUL & MAUL Commission Merchants, FOR HARDWARE AND FANCY GOODS.

DENTIFRICE

DR. PRICE'S **Tooth Lozenges.**

If you are going to travel, buy them; their convenient form is unequalled by any other.

WINDOW SCREENS.

Wire Window Screens 148 Lake-st. 148

JOHN MATTHEWS.

EARLY CLOSING.

EARLY CLOSING.

RIVERSIDE

CUSHMAN'S RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

Favorable chance for those wishing to build or hold. A small number of lots, at LOW FIGURES, during the next

30 DAYS.

Unequalled Beauty of Location on the Banks of the Aux Plaine River.

Tasteful improvements in a high style of landscape art. No other such beautiful residence property in the West. Every man and woman living or visiting in Chicago should see the wonderful town of Riverside, laid out with the taste and finish of the most elegant old country estates. It possesses every feature desirable in a rural retreat near a great and growing city. It is a moderate statement to make that within five years land here will bring prices above four-fold of those now asked.

LARGE LOTS.

Moderate prices for the next 30 days.

McCLURE & MILLS, 164 Washington-st.

COFFEE AND TEA POT.

THE NATIONAL **COFFEE POT!**

26,000 Families in the U. S. use them.

135,000 Persons praise the "National" every day!

It always makes most Excellent and Delicious Coffee.

IT IS VERY ECONOMICAL.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

NATIONAL TEA AND COFFEE POT CO., CHICAGO.

GENERAL NOTICES.

ILLINOIS & MICHIGAN CANAL, SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE. Lockport, June 13, 1871.

NOTICE.

By an order of the Board of Canal Commissioners, on a request of the Board of Public Works of the City of Chicago, the ILLINOIS & MICHIGAN CANAL WILL BE CLOSED for navigation from Joliet to Bridgeport on and after the twenty-fifth (25) inst. for the period of ten (10) days, for the purpose of removing Summit Locks one (1) and two (2).

W. A. GOODING, General Superintendent.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company.

£150,000,000

CARBOLIC ACID FOR POTATO BUGS.

NOTICE.

NOTICE.

NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION.

REAL ESTATE.

Fruit Lands.

SUMMER RESIDENCE

FOR SALE.

WOODBURN ANNUAL SALE. THE ANNUAL SALE AT WOODBURN STUD FARM

DRUG STORE FOR SALE.

BILLY EMERSON'S LATEST SENSATION: "When We Met on the Sly."

AMUSEMENTS.

GLORIOUS **4th OF JULY** CELEBRATION AT OAK RIDGE, ST. THOMAS SOCIETY.

THE RT. REV. BISHOP FOLEY.

COME ONE. COME ALL.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

CASTE.

WYNDHAM COMEDY COMPANY

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

SANS SOUCI.

A HAPPY PAIR.

COL. WOOD'S MUSEUM.

SIGNOR BLITZ.

REV. DR. BELLOWS,

"Two-thirds Through the 19th Century,"

A CARD.

MRS. ANNA COWELL

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY **PICNIC,** SHARPSHOOTERS' PARK.

ZIRCON MINERAL SOAP.

To Owners of Marble and Stone Buildings.

PROPOSALS.

PROPOSALS FOR GLASS.

Proposals for Frescoing

Proposals for Wood and Coal.

PROPOSALS.

LAKE NAVIGATION.

Goodrich's Steamers.

OCEAN NAVIGATION.

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE.

WANTED

Wholesale Grocery Salesmen WANTED.

TO WOOL MERCHANTS.

NATIVE WINES.

IVES SEEDLING AND HILLSIDE CHAMPAGNES, 238 DEARBORN-ST.

CIGARS.

QUICK OR GONE.

50 IN A BOX FOR $1.50, AT

FURS.

FURS SAVED FROM MOTHS.

FIRE INSURANCE.

FIRE INSURANCE.

PHENIX Insurance Co, Of Brooklyn, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

CASH SURPLUS, $895,000.

LOSSES PAID IN EIGHTEEN YEARS, Seven Million Dollars.

PEOPLE'S Insurance Co, Of San Francisco, Cal.

CASH CAPITAL, $300,000.

CASH SURPLUS, $210,000.

The Assets of this Company are in Gold.

R. S. CRITCHELL, Agent, 143 LaSalle-st.

AUCTION SALES.

By GEO. P. GORE & CO.

AT AUCTION.

AUCTION SALE OF OIL PAINTINGS, By Messrs. G. P. GORE & CO.

REGULAR AUCTION SALE, On TUESDAY, June 20, at 9½ a. m., By Geo. P. Gore & Co.

Dry Goods, Piece Goods, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, NOTIONS, PARASOLS.

BOOTS, SHOES, AND SLIPPERS, AT AUCTION, On Wednesday, June 21, at 9½ a. m.

All Consignments of Seasonable Spring Goods.

REGULAR SATURDAY SALE OF **FURNITURE,** Carpets, Crockery, &c., On Saturday, June 24, at 9½ a. m.

By REED, FLERSHEIM & CO., Tuesday, June 20, at 10 a. m.,

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps and Straw Goods.

Thursday, June 22, at 9½ a. m., **DRY GOODS,** Linens, Hosiery, &c. 93 & 95 RANDOLPH-ST.

Saturday, June 24, 9½ a. m. **Furniture,**

By C. C. THAYER & CO. Peremptory Sale of IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION, 137 Dearborn-st., Tribune Building.

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION, AT SALESROOM, 137 Dearborn-st., Tribune Building. By C. C. THAYER & CO., Auctioneers.

By FAY & CAMBRIDGE, CROCKERY TRADE SALE AT AUCTION.

By A. J. SPILDOCH & CO., Store No. 159 Chicago-av.

HOMES AT AUCTION

50 CHOICE RESIDENCE LOTS,

TERMS OF SALE:

TITLE PERFECT.

STOREY & GRIFFIN, 145 Clark-st, Room 7.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

FINANCIAL.

WANTED. STOCK OF THE Chicago Gas Light and Coke Co.

MONEY TO LOAN At current rates of Interest on Real Estate security.

LAUNDRY.

MUNGER'S **LAUNDRY** 60 Dearborn-st.

AUCTION SALES.

By Wm. A. BUTTERS & CO.

112 RESIDENCE LOTS AT AUCTION! On Monday, June 19, 1871, on the Ground, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

NEAR THE STOCK YARDS.

BOOTS AND SHOES AT AUCTION.

Elegant Brick Dwelling AND LOT, No. 792 WABASH-AV., AT AUCTION, On TUESDAY, June 20.

TWO HUNDRED RESIDENCE LOTS AT AUCTION, On the Ground at North Branston, On Wednesday, June 21, 1871.

TITLE PERFECT.

STAPLE DRY GOODS.

HALF A MILE OF **Lake Front AT AUCTION,** On Thursday, June 22, 1871, AT METROPOLITAN HALL.

ABSOLUTE SALE OF One Hundred and Sixty Acres GREAT SOUTH PARK

GOVERNMENT GOODS AT AUCTION.

GREAT SALE OF CANNONS, MUSKETS, &c. FOR Fourth of July Celebration On FRIDAY, June 23, at 10 o'c. AT OUR SPACIOUS ROOMS, 5, 7, 9, and 11 Randolph

By HENRY FELTMAN & CO.

RESTAURANT.

RECEIVER'S SALE OF WINES AND LIQUORS AT AUCTION.

The Chicago Tribune.

[illegible]

TRIBUNE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Daily, delivered, Sunday excepted, 25 cents per week. Daily, delivered, Sunday included, 30 cents per week.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1871.

DEATH OF C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.

The sudden and shocking death of Mr. Vallandigham has produced an unusual sensation in all parts of the country. Few persons were more widely known and few more warmly admired by their political friends, or more cordially hated by their political foes. Since the death of Douglas he has been more generally acknowledged and looked up to as the leader of the Democratic party than any other man. Within a few weeks he had proposed a new set of principles for his party, with every prospect that they would be ratified and adopted by the next Democratic National Convention. The death of so influential and indefatigable a politician at any time would create a profound impression on the party to which he belonged, but, occurring at this time, its sensation is not limited to his own political fold, but extends to Republican circles as well.

Clement L. Vallandigham was the son of a clergyman of Lisbon, Columbiana County, Ohio, where he was born in the year 1822. After receiving a common school education he spent one year in Jefferson College, Ohio. He then obtained the charge of an academy in Snow Hill, Maryland; he returned to Ohio in 1840; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1842; served in the State Legislature in 1845 and 1846; edited the Dayton *Empire* from 1847 to 1849; and then devoted himself to his profession, taking also an active part in politics. In 1856 he was the Democratic candidate for Congress against Lewis D. Campbell. The certificate was awarded to Campbell, but Vallandigham contested the election, and was admitted to the seat. He was again elected in 1858 and in 1860, his term expiring in March, 1863.

When we have said that Mr. Vallandigham was an ardent, untiring, and fearless character, possessing an indomitable will and a keen and penetrating intellect, and that he was a pro-slavery man from conviction, we have furnished the key to his erratic and somewhat unfortunate career. In a speech just before he left Congress in 1863, he said:

"I am one of that number who have opposed Abolitionism or the political development of the anti-slavery sentiment of the North and West from the beginning. In school, at college, at the bar, in public assemblies, in the Legislature, in Congress, boy and man, as a private citizen and in public life, in time of peace and in time of war, at all times and at every sacrifice, I fought against it. It cost me ten years' exclusion from office and honor at that period of life when honors are sweetest. No matter; I learned early to do right and wait."

He was opposed to the war as a matter of policy and because it threatened the annihilation of slavery. In the same speech he expressed himself thus:

"I did not support the war; and to-day I bless God that not the smell of so much as one drop of blood is upon my garments. [illegible]"

But in defining his position he made a distinction between his duty to his own convictions and his duty as a representative, and he explained his action in voting for troops and money to conquer the war, by saying:

"The country was at war; and I belonged to that school of politics which teaches that when we are at war, the government,—I do not mean the Executive alone, but the government,—is entitled to demand, and have, without resistance, such number of men, and such amount of money and supplies generally, as may be necessary for the war, until an appeal can be had to the people."

On the 13th of April, 1863, General Burnside, commanding the Department of the Ohio, issued "General Order No. 38," in which it was ordered, among other things, that "the habit of declaring sympathies for the enemy will no longer be tolerated in this department." On the 1st of May Mr. Vallandigham commented upon and denounced this order in a speech delivered at Mount Vernon, O. He was arrested at Dayton, at his house, at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 5th, by a military force, and carried immediately by special train to Cincinnati. The news of the arrest drew an immense crowd to Dayton, and at night the Dayton *Journal* office was burned by a mob. On the 6th of May he was arraigned before a military commission, upon a charge of which the following is the specification:

"That he did publicly address a large meeting of citizens, and did utter sentiments in words, or in effect as follows, declaring the present war a wicked, cruel, and unnecessary war [illegible]"

There were other expressions alleged in the specification; but those we have given are the ones upon which he was found guilty. The Court sentenced him to be placed in close confinement during the war in some fortress of the United States to be designated. General Burnside approved the finding, and designated Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, as the place of imprisonment. The President changed the sentence to one placing Mr. Vallandigham beyond the military lines of the Union.

In the meantime the friends of the prisoner brought the case before Judge Leavitt, of the United States District Court, who refused the writ of *habeas corpus*. The prisoner was sent South, and, on the 25th of May, was delivered within the rebel lines in Alabama, he making the following declaration: "I am a citizen of Ohio, and of the United States. I am here within your lines by force, and against my will. I therefore surrender myself to you as a prisoner of war." An application was made to the United States Supreme Court for a writ of *certiorari*, and refused, as the Supreme Court had no jurisdiction over the proceedings of a military tribunal.

Vallandigham in time reached the coast and obtained passage to Bermuda, and from there proceeded to Canada. In June, 1863, while absent, he was nominated for Governor by the Democrats; but the people of Ohio rejected him by nearly 100,000 majority. He returned to Ohio in the winter of 1863–4, and the government took no official notice of the fact. In 1864 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention which met in Chicago, and was the most influential member of the Committee on Resolutions. In 1868 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention which met in New York. Since 1868 he has taken no active part in public affairs, until in May last he proposed at the County Convention the celebrated "New Departure" platform, which has since been adopted by the Ohio Democratic State Convention, and has been received by the party generally with approbation.

The general amnesty which the American people have in their hearts granted to the rebels is probably wide enough to include Vallandigham. If there can be an honest pro-slavery man, he was undoubtedly such an one. He was a man who, from earnest study and conviction, had adopted certain fixed principles; and it was because he was sincere that he never swerved from them. His hatred of Abolitionism rendered his opposition to the war intense, and blinded him to the fact that to preserve the Union slavery was to stand or fall, as the necessities of the case might demand. That he was opposed originally to the acts of secession there can be no doubt; and the man's honesty [illegible] in the fact that, though intensely opposed to the war, he felt bound, upon principle, to vote [illegible] the government to prosecute the war so long as it was sustained by the people.

Mr. Vallandigham was no demagogue. He did not sail with the wind. When he considered he was right no power could move him, and neither the rage of opponents nor the appeals of friends could cause him to abandon his position. He was a man of ability far above the general average, and greatly in advance of any man now prominent in the Democratic party. He was a man of scholarly habits, was well versed in the principles of political economy, and, therefore, opposed from the beginning the Pendletonian plan of paying the national debt with greenbacks. He was one of the best public speakers in the country, and it cannot be doubted that if he had lived in a different time, or had not acquired the fatal bias of slavery, he would have attained high official position. In private life, and in all his relations with his fellow-men, Mr. Vallandigham was a gentleman—cultivated, kind, warm-hearted, and generous. His death leaves a very large gap in the party to which he belonged.

THE CITY BUDGET.

The Common Council are now engaged on the municipal budget. On Thursday evening they made considerable progress in Committee of the Whole. Four changes were made in the Finance Committee's report—three of them for the worse, whereby the estimates were raised $26,800. The committee recommended the large sum of $300,000 for street-cleaning, of which the West Side was to get $148,000, the North Side $54,000, and the South Side $98,000. The Council raised the sum for the West Division $12,000 and for the North Division $10,000, for which there was no sufficient reason or necessity; but certain members wanted more money to spend on street-cleaners. Instead of increasing the sum recommended for street-cleaning by $22,000, the Council should have reduced it $50,000. A quarter of a million properly applied will answer the purpose; it is all that can be afforded by the taxpayers; and if Aldermen looked to the interest of the tax-payers rather than of the tax-eaters, they would see it in that light.

The next item of extravagance was $6,000 for "land damages" at the proposed North Halsted street bridge. There has been no assessment for land damages at that crossing, and no Alderman has a right to assume that there will be damages to pay. The bridge, at present, is not needed, and its building should be postponed. The Board of Public Works estimate its cost at $30,000, which, with the suppositious "land damages," will make $36,000, not a cent of which should be expended this year. Within 100 yards of the proposed bridge is Division street bridge, which is in good condition, and accommodates all the travel of that vicinity, which is very light. After it is built salaries for bridge-tenders will commence and items for repairs. The ordinance for its construction was smuggled through the Council for the benefit of real estate speculators, and the $6,000 "land damages" is equally a speculation.

The Finance Committee showed how city taxes could be kept at fifteen mills; but the members, who are free and generous in spending other people's money, have no intention to let the tax-payers off with any such rate. They pay very little taxes themselves, and feel that the higher the taxes are the better for their cronies and partners in all kinds of jobs and speculations.

THE AMAZONS OF PARIS.

The most remarkable incidents of the Paris Communistic rebellion are the desperate energy with which a portion of the women of Paris took part in it; the great number of instances in which they completely unsexed themselves, fighting in the ranks with the men, and displaying deadly courage in hand-to-hand encounters; the number of them that were killed, and the savagery with which they were slaughtered,—in short, the introduction of woman into the whole fight as an element equally entitled with the men to the honors, risks, and dangers of the struggle. This may be partly due to the fact that the fire of the Versailles troops was opened on the whole city indiscriminately, and that, since the women found themselves as likely to be killed in their houses by a falling or bursting shell as if they were fighting in the streets, they preferred a post where, with no greater danger to themselves, they could aid the common cause. The New York *Evening Post* collects from various correspondents their descriptions, as eye-witnesses, of the nature of this Amazonian fury, and its effects. Among these illustrations we find some that read more like an account of the adventures of captives among Indians than of combatants of a civilized nation. For instance:

"An Englishman met in the Rue de la Paix a company of between twenty and thirty girls, looking neat and pretty, but booted and armed [illegible]"

In their treatment of Communist prisoners the Versaillist women have always been the fiercest advocates of vengeance. Another correspondent relates the following scene:

"[illegible]"

Another describes "the decent and lady-like appearance of some of the women, who are perfectly well dressed, and who have been caught pouring petroleum into cellars, or firing from windows."

All the women who fought were captured with the arms in their hands, as no prudential motives seem to have restrained their courage. "Call that a woman?" replied a *gens d'arme*, who was reproached for striking a prisoner with a sabre. "That woman, as you call her, killed my Captain and Lieutenant and a sergeant, with three shots from her revolver."

Still another correspondent describes the bold, unflinching air of the female Communist prisoners thus:

"I observed a slender figure walking alone in the midst of the National Guards, with long, fair hair floating over the shoulders, a bright blue eye, and a handsome, bold, young face that seemed to know neither shame nor fear. [illegible] but the only response of the victim was to glare right and left with heightened color and flashing eyes, in marked contrast to the cowardly crew that followed her. If the French nation were composed only of French women, what a terrible nation it would be!"

This is the class of female Communist prisoners who were massacred without stint—not only every one caught with arms in their hands, or engaged in firing buildings, but also "every one on whose shoulder the red mark was found indicating the recoil of the musket." Paris is the birthplace of theatrical Communism. It is the fountain whence sprang that class of social reformers, beginning with Fourier, who regard the emancipation of woman from all the legal and social distinctions founded on sex—and especially from the institution of marriage—as the primary means to the renovation of society. The leaders of the recent insurrection were known advocates of the "new school of morals" on this point, and announced it conspicuously as part of their programme. Possibly this fact may have imparted an additional zest to the courage of those who took part in the conflict. The result sufficiently proves that women are less fit for soldiers than men, and that when they appear in that capacity they intensify war into a pandemonium.

The Albany *Argus* complains that Congress is not representative of the occupations of the people, as the two houses contain 190 lawyers to only 7 clergymen, 3 teachers, 2 physicians, 16 editors, 2 soldiers, 40 merchants, 20 planters and farmers, and 21 miscellaneous. The mechanics and laborers, and even the miners, are not represented at all. The *Argus* would have made out a still stronger case if it had classed men as business men and politicians. Then the result would have been as follows:

[illegible]

In short, men who make a business of going to Congress cannot very well follow any other trade. The planters and farmers who are there are merely politicians who have farms. The lawyers are men who once practiced law, and who may practice law again when their terms of office expire. The clergymen are gentlemen who probably could not count on all their fingers the years which have passed since they have preached. Who the clever editors in Congress are, we are at a loss to know. But they have all probably lost their place in journalism. Doubtless the Vice President ranks as an editor, though his editorial life necessarily closed, when his career as a politician and statesman began, seventeen years ago. It is very unreasonable to expect that men shall go to Congress who have other and better business to attend to at home. The life of a Congressman is a profession by itself, and, while we think legislation would be improved by the admixture of a larger proportion of men who have been through practical business of various kinds, still, such experience is chiefly valuable to a Congressman as a preparation for his new profession, not because it is desirable that occupations shall be represented in Congress equally. The only occupation really represented in Congress is that of Congressman.

Fisk's Religious Privileges.

Colonel James Fisk, Junior, is determined to keep himself before the public, or perish in the attempt. Now that his power over Erie is waning, and that the luxury of supporting a few *opera bouffe* companies is about to pass from him, he is obliged to fall back upon his military prestige, and exhibit himself, with increased conspicuousness, in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, [illegible] obscurity only less obscure than that which covered [illegible] before he became proprietor of a peddler's wagon. Colonel James, Junior, has therefore determined to make a demonstration in force at the head of his regiment, the blood-stained and battle-scarred Ninth New York Militia.

The demonstration is to be made upon Boston, and to-day has been chosen for the event. Like all other great commanders, Fisk is original. He does not lean upon Jomini, nor follow blindly the campaigns of Napoleon and Grant. He has determined to do something unique and startling. In fact, Fisk has announced his determination to hold divine service on Boston Common, in full dress uniform, and with three days' rations. Having casually communicated this information to the Mayor of Boston, he has been shocked to receive from the Boston magistrate a refusal of the hospitalities of the common for any such purpose as that proposed. He insinuates, does this puffed-up potentate, that Fisk merely wants to make a spectacle of himself and his regiment, and that the proposed performance at the common would be contrary to the Boston notion of religious propriety. He grants the warrior of Erie free privilege to worship all over the city—in the streets—in any edifice which he may engage for the purpose—on any of the public wharves—at the mouth of the main sewer—or in the form of a hollow triangle around Dock square,—anywhere except in the sacred precincts of the common, or Faneuil Hall, or the State House.

But these terms do not answer for Fisk. Like Alderman Montgomery, and Cast Iron Bill, of Joliet, he demands free exercise of his religious convictions. The rights of conscience are a strong point with Fisk just now. His religious convictions do not usually trouble him much, but, when they do get aroused, they cannot be curbed or controlled. Fisk is not only spoiling to worship, but he is spoiling to worship on Boston Common, or some other place equally historic and conspicuous in the vicinity of Boston. Having been snubbed by the Mayor of Boston, he turns his face toward Bunker Hill. He would fain accept as his Ebenezer the storied shaft which surmounts that eminence. He has accordingly written to the Mayor of Charlestown: "Will you allow the regiment to march on Sabbath morning to your hospitable city and hold religious services in such suitable place as you may designate? If Monument Square or the grounds surrounding Bunker Hill Monument are subject to your control, allow us to suggest one of those places." And the Mayor of Charlestown is requested to reply by telegraph, to the end that Pilgrim Fisk may be timely in devising prayers appropriate to the spot.

What the Mayor's answer was we have not yet been informed; but it may be presumed to have been unfavorable, for we since hear of Fisk's negotiating for several other eligible shrines. He will pray in the Boston Theatre, if that building can be obtained for a season of "positively one night only." Failing that, he threatens to draw up in line of battle in front of the St. James Hotel, and turn his devotions plumb into that high-toned hostelry. Pray he will somewhere in Boston or thereabouts, if the money of Erie or the bayonets of the Ninth have any influence over Puritan prejudice. Fisk set out to find his Mecca on Friday evening, and has already arrived in the Yankee metropolis, where he doubtless lost no time in displaying himself to the terrified populace,

"With sabre on his brow
And helmet on his thigh,"

and other warlike accessories and stage properties necessary to good spectacular effect. He has a chaplain along who boldly avows his readiness to pray, single handed, against the whole city government. It is to be hoped that the steam fire-engines will be within convenient range when the blasphemy begins.

The value of verbal accuracy has been freshly illustrated by recent developments at New Orleans, in the celebrated Gaines will case. It is claimed, on the part of the city of New Orleans, that the records of the courts in which the contest arose show that the amount of land originally deeded to David Clark, the father of Mrs. Gaines, was not, as represented in all late proceedings, "1,900 toises square," but 1,900 square toises simply—a distinction which carries with it a difference worth taking care of. A toise is an old French measure, equivalent to 6.39 English feet, and the difference between a tract 1,900 toises square and one of 1,900 square toises merely is 3,608,100 square toises. This is equivalent to about 5,300 acres, which, at present prices of land in New Orleans, amounts to quite a serious sum—so serious, indeed, that, subjecting Mrs. Gaines' claim to division instead of multiplication, it divides the enormous fortune to which she lays claim by 1,899. This is a process which few of our fortunes would stand and make any appreciable showing thereafter. No wonder there was a great pressure on the part of the Gaines' claimants to get the question out of the courts and bureaus altogether; and that, according to recent Washington advices, the records of a court have been tampered with, and that a faithful government officer who began to investigate the subject was speedily ousted by procurement of the Gaines party, and through the delightful workings of our civil service system. A check has now been put upon these proceedings by the interposition of the New Orleans courts, so that it is probable that the world has not yet been bereft of this time-honored case. It will be remembered that the only question settled by the Supreme Court was that of the heirship of the claimant, Mrs. Gaines, to the property of Clark, whatever it might be.

The lottery disease has broken out with extreme virulence in Kentucky. That extremely moral and progressive State has been somewhat noted for her lotteries in days gone by, and doesn't now propose to stiddle and see the cute Yankees of the Northwest get ahead of her with their Gift Concerts and Erring Woman's devices—styles of lotteries which really out-butternut the butternuts. Accordingly we are notified of a grand scheme of gift distributions under the patronage of the State, in some fashion, which proposes to take in $1,000,000 for $10 tickets before the 31st of next October, of which $550,000 is promised to be returned to ticket buyers in the shape of prizes, ranging from $100,000 to $100. The remainder goes to Mr. Peters, the manager, and to certain proposed free libraries to be scattered over the State for the enlightenment of the poor, much after the plan of Miss Gilbert concerning the Illinois jails. After the grand drawing referred to is over, and the victims, mortified at their folly, begin to imagine they could select a number more judiciously the next time, another similar operation will be gone through with, and then another, the affair being projected to continue a series of years. This is the worst nuisance in the way of a lottery which has yet presented itself—worst, because the largest.

We recorded recently the acquittal by a California jury of the murderers of a Chinaman, notwithstanding the poor Asiatic was wantonly beaten to death with sticks in the open street, in open broad daylight, and the deed was witnessed by several bystanders. If the Californians are going to drop into the regular habit of Chinaman-killing, to which they have shown a tendency, it may be well to suggest to Coroner's juries that the neatest thing in the way of a verdict for such cases is plain "suicide." This was tried with success in Tennessee the other day, upon a body which was cut and carved in a way which a man could no more do for himself than he could blow out his brains and then hang himself afterwards. This sort of verdict is preferable to "cause unknown," since it does not imply any lack of investigation on the part of the jury, and is equally independent of law and justice.

Sweden and Norway have been nominally a united nation since 1814. They have been really so since yesterday, when a railroad connection between Christiania and Stockholm, the capitals of the two old kingdoms, was completed. Though the two cities are less than three hundred miles apart, they have hitherto been practically much further asunder than Chicago and New York.

—The Rev. Dr. John McLean is writing in the *Evangelist* to prove that a temperate use of intoxicating wine is justified by the example of the Savior.

WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

Nilsson.

In the Matter of Concert Etiquette.

Ginx.

His Name in Question.

A Reply.

Rev. Dr. Hall vs. Rev. Dr. Hall.

Operatic Prospects.

CHICAGO, June 17.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

This unpleasant weather having upset all our plans for to-day, by which we shall lose that delightful dinner at Gilliflower's, and the euchre party at Japonica's, the only thing left for us is to stay at home and do the mending. Now there are several things which need mending, as, for instance:

Nilsson.

Perhaps all that I am going to say is heresy; but I can't help it. Don't think, now, that I am going to contend she isn't a great singer. I have more than once put that opinion on record, and I am going to remain by it. Nay, I cannot ever be sufficiently grateful for the pleasure she has given me with her beautiful voice. Say what you may, her voice is a phenomenon, and her singing is unlike anything we have ever heard before. If she had no other quality, that voice alone would stamp her as a great artist, for the mastery of that is one of the most difficult things in vocalism. She has another quality which many artists do not possess. She attempts nothing which she cannot do, and the result is that she does everything well. When she is singing, I cannot sufficiently admire her. She occupies a high place in music, she has achieved wealth and world-wide fame, and she has passed from the position of a mere singer to the higher one of artist.

Now, the point which I wish to make (or the mending which I wish to do) is, that a great artist can always afford to be magnanimous.

Nilsson has learned a great deal in learning how to sing; but there is one thing she has failed to learn, and that is—concert-room etiquette. We have had too many great artists here, Miss Christine, who have charmed everyone with their elegance and dignity of deportment, to accept *gaucheries* on the stage as native eccentricities, which are cunning. We have seen them so much that we begin to think they are put on for effect, and we are getting tired of them. At first we thought they were ebullitions of nature, and that, in the experiences of your brilliant and exciting career, you had never been able to forget yourself, and consequently acted out yourself as a child would. But I begin to think that you are not so much of a child as you would have us believe. I have even so far recovered from the glamor of your first appearance and the magnitude of your real estate operations as to believe that even your pathos is consummate art. But we won't quarrel over the pathos. As long as we get the effect, we won't discuss the manner of producing it.

But there are some violations of concert-room etiquette which are simply unpardonable. It is not etiquette for you to come upon the stage recognizing and bowing and talking to friends in the audience. You have nothing to do with the audience except to sing to it. It is not etiquette for you to promenade the stage during the prelude, examining the footlights, the organ-case, and the piano-legs. You must have known they were all right the very first time you looked at them. It is not etiquette for you to kick the piano-stool. It is an innocent little stool. It is not in your way. You have the whole great stage to yourself. Perhaps it was funny when you kicked it the first time, and we said to ourselves: "Mlle. Christine is feeling unusually well this evening;" but when you kicked it the second and third and fourth times, it wasn't funny at all, and we rather began to sympathize with the stool, although it was your vine and satin-slippered foot that did the kicking. It wasn't etiquette for you to smile at one-half the audience, and then turn and frown at the other half, for it cost both halves the same fare to get in. It isn't etiquette for you to practice upon the discomfort of those who happen to sing with you or accompany you. If you allow them to appear upon the programme with you,—which is certainly very kind,—they are in some sort your guests and deserving of kindly attention. You should remember that you are sure in your position. You have achieved eminence and fame and fortune, and are in no danger of losing it. You can afford to be magnanimous. They are beginners, struggling up the toilsome steep, the top of which you have reached. You should reach down your hand to help. They are laboring and you are enjoying. They get nothing and you get everything. If you are set down upon the programme for two songs, each time that you open your mouth you get six hundred dollars. That is more, perhaps, than they make in a whole year; and they work harder than you do. If you were not a lady, I should be tempted to call this treatment of home singers by some hard names, but, being a lady, I will only attribute it to impatience and thoughtlessness; yet it is none the less cruel and discouraging to those who are doing their best. You have no reason to be jealous of them. They cannot hurt you or dim your lustre, and it will cost you nothing to overlook their little failings and not remind them of them before the public.

This is the mending I had to do with regard to Nilsson. It may be too late to have any effect, as the concert season is over; but I hope, nevertheless, due to our Western manners and it enough to show that even an artist as great as Nilsson may have faults. Constant advertising for effect is a poor policy. We have been decoyed into your net. We confess that we like it. We are willing to stay; but quit the allurements. They are only wasted now. We want you upon your real merits, without the nonsense which is beginning to be transparent. We will allow you to have sisters and cousins from Dan to Beersheba to find schoolmates in every village of the land, to speak about all the Swedes and sing in Illinois; to make Peoria and Paw-Paw believe that you are going to live forever in those provincial paradises, and to indulge in all sorts of harmless outside pleasantries; but leave them in the dressing-room when you come upon the stage. And your petitioner will ever pray, etc.

Another little piece of mending. I confess to you that, while attending the Nilsson concerts, I was very much mortified at one thing. On each of the programmes were numbers for the Scandinavian Singing Society and for the Concordia Maennerchor, and they were sung excellently well, and greatly helped the success of the concerts. The mortifying part of it was that no American male chorus appeared. Of course it was owing to the fact that there is none. It is a mortifying confession that we must depend upon Germans and Scandinavians for our choral singing, when there are so many good American voices here. There is no music in the world which can equal that of a well-trained chorus, and there is no nation which has such admirable natural voices for male choruses as the American. The German bass is indisputably guttural and rough, and the Scandinavian tenor, like the tenor of all the extreme northern countries, although loud and of great range, is sharp, screamy, and unpleasant. The average American voice is round, full, pleasant, and sonorous, and finely adapted to choral singing. It is a shame that we cannot have a singing society as flourishing as those of our foreign neighbors.

Another little patch that needs mending—although, I confess to you, I don't know how to do it. It is about Ginx. I am not going to speak in his behalf, as my theological friends have decided rather summarily that I don't know anything about him, and am poaching upon their manors in having anything to do with him. But I have received three or four letters this week, wanting to know how his name is pronounced; and whether the "G" is soft or hard. I do not know that there is any rule except that of euphony, and that certainly would give it the soft sound, or the sound which "J" has in the name of the immortal hero of the Horse Marines, who fed his horse on corn and beans, and was a Captain in the army. Jenks is one of the most universal of names, and it is not improbable that the author of "Ginx's Baby" hit upon this name, and, using a dialect form, changed "Jenks" to "Ginx," in which case we should have the soft sound again. The analogies of "gin" and "ginger," and the favorite oaths "By giminy" and "By gin" also favor the soft sound.

But, as my religious friends know so much about Ginx, and are the only ones who are really acquainted with him, perhaps my correspondents can get the required information of them. I therefore refer you to Dr. Hall as a competent authority. If he or Brother Moody can't inform you, perhaps you had better go and see Ginx personally, and he will tell you what his name is, and what a miserable name it is, and how much wretchedness clings to that name.

And now a piece of mending for Dr. Hall; and I am going to let him mend his own rents. I confess to you that I dare not get into a theological discussion with the Doctor, because he would blow me to atoms immediately. But he and I have been talking about Ginx, you know, and he scouted my proposition to make a man out of Ginx, and then convert him. Now, I am going to make [illegible] by letting Dr. Hall reply to Dr. Hall. In a book just published by the Doctor, called "Papers for Home Reading," on page 213, Dr. Hall says:

"Better struggling for the means of life rather conversation. A poor, crushed, wretched people, standing always on the brink of starvation, embittered in soul, and made savage by the constant crisis of animal wants, are in no condition for spiritual culture. Their minds are not only preoccupied; they are rendered obtuse and animal-like. They would say if they spoke out—in fact, they often do say—'Easy to talk of our souls—look at our bodies.' Physical destitution does in them what drunkenness and indulgence do in their guiltier superiors. They are like the Hebrew brickmakers, when, sullen and despairing, 'they hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit and for cruel bondage.' All success, then, to schools, to factories, to industrial enterprises. They cannot save men, but they help to keep men accessible to the saving truth."

Now that is all that I said about Ginx, nothing more and nothing less. I commend the eloquent and suggestive words of the Rev. Dr. Hall to the Rev. Dr. Hall: "Easy to talk of our souls—look at our bodies." I suggest to the Rev. Dr. Hall of the church, that he follow the advice of Rev. Dr. Hall of the book. That is all I wanted him to do.

Having finished up our mending, I want to speak to you of something we are going to have next fall, which may need mending some time, but is all right now. I refer to the Nilsson opera season, and I am able to speak officially, by virtue of advices from Impresario Strakosch himself. The season will commence in October, in New York. He has secured M. Capoul, the eminent French tenor, who was the original Werther in Ambroise Thomas' "Mignon," and for whom Auber wrote "La Premiere Jour de Bonheur," and M. Josef Jamet, a French basso. Miss Cary and Brignoli are also engaged. The troupe is full in the principal parts, with the exception of an additional *prima donna*, to alternate with Mlle. Nilsson, and a baritone, both of whom will be engaged in Europe by Strakosch, who sailed for London on the 14th inst. Nilsson's repertoire will include *Mignon*, in Thomas' opera of that name; *Ophelia*, in Thomas' "Hamlet;" *Marguerite*, in "Faust;" *Lucia*; *Zerlina*, in "Don Giovanni;" *Alice*, in Robert le Diable; *Leonora*, in "Trovatore;" *Violetta*, in "Traviata;" and *Martha*, in Flotow's opera. We may also have Flotow's new opera, "L'Ombre." This is good enough to think about from now to then, as forgetting that Parepa will be here also. Her season will open in New York or Boston about October 1. The company will comprise, in addition to the great prima donna, Madame Vanzani (an American lady, daughter of Sig. Blitz), Thomas Karl, (from Milan, an Irish tenor), William Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley Cook, Mr. S. C. Campbell, M. and Mrs. E. Seguin, and many other good artists. Mr. Carl Rosa will be conductor, D. DeVivo business manager, and Wm. Seguin treasurer.

We may not have a musical talk together again until next fall. In the meantime we will try to pass away the time profitably and pleasantly, and I trust we shall all live to meet at the opera.

PEREGRINE PICKLE.

DRESS.

Dress as a Fine Art.

Its Difficulties and Significance.

The Details of the Day.

[Written for The Tribune.]

ARTISTIC.

Dress is the history of one's associations, an expression of countenance is the record of character.

It is a curious fact that no two women will wear the same garment and convey with it precisely the same idea; for though dress, to a greater or less extent, makes the woman, it is none the less true that the woman's individuality pervades and modifies or enhances the dress.

No amount of mere splendor or ingenuity can make dress artistic unless it accord with an idealized perception of the wearer; in other words, no dress is artistic that does not express the highest and best characteristics of the individual.

Until woman can understand and realize the more subtle meaning of dress, she can never become "the thing of beauty and the joy forever" that might otherwise be possible, even if not highly probable, as a rule.

The difficulty with most persons in this respect, as in most cases, is a lack of thought, not a lack of desire, dreamy speculation, or even hopeless expenditure, but a lack of rational consideration of cause and effect.

For example—a plain-faced little woman with no presence, has in her mind a general impression that elegant simplicity should be the rule of her attire; consequently she purchases indefinite colors, avoids vivid effects, and succeeds in effecting a costume as unwholesome and unbecoming as well be imagined—for the reason that her idea is too vague to produce any harmonious or artistic effect. She looks dowdy, illy put together, and altogether impresses one as belonging to the uncultured class.

Again: a woman with more vivid sensations and a more decided animalism of character aspires to the effect *distingué*; yet, as in the first instance, her idea is not elaborated, and she endeavors to dress on general principles. She buys garments that are handsome on a lay figure, and considers rather their intrinsic value than their adaptation to herself.

If she be short and stout, she considers that she has gone over the whole ground of artistic costuming if she simply avoid broad plaids, many flounces, and a multitude of puffings, since these have been so generally forbidden to short or stout persons. [illegible] up. [illegible] a large fish, and puts the dressing on to look like scales. [illegible] tall, she imagines her whole duty in dress to consist of a careful avoidance of stripes, plain skirts, narrow sleeves, and such devices as increase her apparent height and angularity.

These things are merely the alphabetic mysteries of dress; yet some women never even master these, and many never get beyond them.

The thousand subtle meanings and messages of dress, the ever-varying style and color, and lending characteristics are, to most persons locked in the dead language of an uncomprehended lore; for, after all, how a thing is worn is quite as expressive as what is worn.

Some women flaunt and vulgarize any costume, be it ever so chaste in conception and artistic in design. Others dignify and ennoble the most severe and least advantageous apparel.

So it is that, while milliners and dressmakers may do much, they cannot do all; for the wearer's individuality cannot be wholly crushed out and put away. It perpetually asserts itself in every detail, in every apparently insignificant detail, that is, after all, the key to the woman's true character, and reveals volumes concerning her birth, habits, and aspirations.

The art of graceful dressing is undoubtedly, to a greater or less extent, inborn; yet it is not only susceptible of cultivation, but largely dependent upon it, so that it is almost impossible for a woman to dress well, in the highest and best meaning of the term, who is not accustomed to refined society.

She may have glimpses of *le beau monde*, and endeavor to imitate them, as far as she can copy the general effect of mere externals; yet every woman's dress has, and must have, in it some idea of her own. Copy as she may, still some trifle is left to her own judgment, and here it is that she proclaims herself a heathen and an outcast, socially considered, or "to the manner born."

It is the ability to look the lady, even when inexpensively attired, that women mean when they call each other "stylish," which is only a vulgarized rendition, in their own minds, of the air *distingué*.

The lady of the world would infinitely prefer being considered "stylish" to being merely beautiful, since the latter is evanescent, while the former is perennial, triumphing over the other as mind forever asserts its supremacy over matter.

One may wear the latest and most expensive fashions, and yet fall far short of appearing the elegant lady; since there are almost as many styles as varieties of face and figure, and, with all the assistance that fashion renders, there is left at last largely dependent upon one's own judgment. To come from generalities to details:

HATS AND BONNETS

for the summer are very simple, yet quite elegant. The broad-brimmed hats, especially in Leghorn, are very much worn, and are both useful and becoming to most faces. The Pamela and Gipsy shapes in bonnets are very popular. Of these an almost endless variety of modifications may be found. Ribbon of two shades is very much worn, and of contrasting colors, such as two shades of brown or green, and black edged with yellow. Ribbon strings have taken the place of tulle, crape, and lace ones as formerly.

Gilt ornaments and aigrettes are very much worn and decidedly elegant.

FLOWERS

must follow nature as closely as possible, and flowers out of season are inadmissible. At this time of the year pansies, poppies with buds, half open and in full bloom, roses, fully blown, half blown, and in buds, and other varieties now in bloom, are permissible.

OVERSKIRTS AND TUNICS

are worn short in front and looped very much in the back. A very popular style is that of cutting the skirt quite deep in front, and looping it to form folds across the apron.

FASHIONABLE DRESSES

are for the most part made up in two middle shades, differing somewhat widely, of a light, undecided color, the dark shade being for the ground, the light one for the fluted trimming, which, besides going round the plain separate stripes, with a dark piping (without stripes), also finishes the pointed edge of the flounces of the ground stuff, making each time a small Vandyke row. The wide trimmings back on the top, made on *cbais*, are entirely of the light stuff. The tunic is a straight piece of the material, the front parts coming plain over each other, and is gathered or plated into the waist-band behind and caught up on each side from the lower edge—thus making the lower points.

THE POLONAISE

is still the favorite over-garment, and deservedly so, because of its almost universal becomingness. Full figures are improved by it, and attenuated forms can be made up and shown to advantage in this truly elegant garment. There are several varieties, among the newest of which is the "Marie Louise." Recent importations exhibit, also, a new design, which forms a basque several inches below the waist, and is then very gracefully looped.

In selecting silks, the Bonnet brand is said to be preferable to all other silks imported, both as to color and quality. VOX.

War Department Weather Report.

CHICAGO, June 17—11 p. m.—War Department, Signal Service, United States Army, Division of Telegrams and Reports for the benefit of Commerce.

PLACE OF OBSERVATION.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Buffalo, N. Y.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cheyenne	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago, Ill.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cleveland, O.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Marquette	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

PROBABILITIES.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—Threatening and rainy weather, with light wind, will probably continue during to-night and Sunday on Lakes Erie and Ontario, and thence eastward to the Atlantic. Cloudy weather will probably very generally prevail [illegible] with light winds from the southwest and [illegible] weather, with fresh southeasterly winds, is probable for the Gulf coast.

—At a meeting of stockholders of the Missouri & Pacific Railroad, yesterday, three propositions were almost unanimously adopted, as follows: First, to issue 20 [illegible] bonds, for the purpose of increasing the capital stock [illegible] road to the river bank. Second, To take [illegible] of the Lexington & St. Louis Road [illegible] the road as a branch line. Third, To allow a [illegible]

NEW YORK.

The Tweed and Other Weddings.

Queen Victoria's Last Drawing-Room—The Toilets.

Theodore Thomas' Concerts—Death of a Van Rensselaer.

Beautiful Things from Paris.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, June 14.

THE TWEED WEDDING.

Tammany has had a big wedding-spree. The Great Father threw open his palace-home and bade all the braves welcome. I am not the least inclined to say harsh things of this bridal, as some have done; for the master of the feast is a good, kind husband and father,—indeed, unexceptionable in all his home duties; and it was very natural, with his enormous wealth, that he should desire to give his daughter a brilliant wedding. With all the lavish display of flowers that we are accustomed to see here, none, at any private entertainment, ever compared with the profusion upon this occasion. Only imagine! A large bow window, in front of which the bride and groom stood, was completely banked with the rarest of flowers. The chandeliers were entwined with roses. Over the entrance to the parlors were solid arches of flowers, from which hung stars and balls of flowers. There were two harps, six feet high, composed entirely of white tube-roses. The wedding-bell, under which the bridal party stood, was composed of white tube-roses, and the clapper of pink carnations. The bases of the mirrors were covered with banked flowers. The pictures were wreathed. The balusters of the stairs were completely entwined with wreaths. There were baskets of rarest exotics everywhere. Grafulla's band was placed in an alcove of flowers, with the two harps of white tube-roses on either side. Such a scene! As far as the eye could reach, flowers everywhere! Nothing so astonished Prince Arthur, when here, as the profusion of flowers at private entertainments. Certainly, had he been present at the Tweed wedding, he would have opened his princely eyes. I believe Tweed has a private Garden of Eden, which he runs in connection with Tammany. But there is no Eve in it—it is all flowers. What presents! I wonder if the Queen did as well by her daughter, recently married. The record says: "Mr. and Mrs. Tweed, a black walnut chest, lined with blue satin and velvet, with five drawers, containing three hundred pieces of solid silverware; also, another chest, with complete silver tea-set, solid waiter, tea-kettle, and coffee-urn." Mrs. Tweed also presented this very lucky daughter a brooch,—opal, surrounded with thirty one-carat diamonds; solitaire diamond ear-rings, four carats each; and a single stone diamond ring, four carats. Time and space would fail me to tell of all the valuable presents, but Tammany did its duty nobly. Silver and jewels they sent without stint. The bride's dress was heavy white corded silk, with train two yards long, and covered with ruches of tulle and *point argullle* lace, looped with wreaths of orange of blossoms. The veil was tulle with a coronel of orange flowers. Jewels sparkled in her ears, and on her neck and arms. She is a brunette, and quite pretty. Mrs. Tweed's dress was very magnificent, the *rose* covered with deep flounces of *point argullle*, and brilliant with diamonds. It was a gorgeous wedding in every respect. While it was not considered fashionable, it was, nevertheless, a great success, and shows what a great city this is, how immense the wealth, and how great the variety of circles.

ANOTHER WEDDING.

There has been another quite brilliant home-wedding,—the marriage of the daughter of ex-Mayor Kingsland to a grandson of old Governor Tompkins. If we had not had the Tweed wedding a few days before, the presents here would have been considered princely. Such a profusion of flowers was only Delmonico can get up. He makes chickens and even in the form of a large fish, and puts the dressing on to look like scales. Miss Kingsland wore a white corded silk dress, trimmed with point lace, and a point lace veil. She had very beautiful diamonds.

WEDDINGS TO COME.

Weddings are in great profusion this month of June. Miss Alden, of this city, has sailed, with her father and suite, to meet her affianced in London, and there be married. Monsieur de Lobo is the gentleman's name, and he is the Belgian Minister at Vienna. Miss Fanny Butler has also sailed to join her mother, Mrs. Kemble, in London, to be married to the Honorable Mr. Leigh.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST DRAWING-ROOM.

In the account of the last drawing-room held by the Queen, I notice that Miss Wadsworth, of this city, is mentioned as having attracted unusual attention by her great beauty and elegance. Several other American women are spoken of in the *Court Journal*; which also says that one of the grandest toilettes was that of Lady Pelham. A peculiar interest was attached to this costume, as her Ladyship wore a magnificent *point d'Alencon* veil. This priceless relic was the identical veil worn by Marie Antoinette on the occasion of her marriage to Louis XVI. Some of the other toilettes were so beautiful that I am sure your lady-readers will enjoy having a few of the choicest picked out for them. Lady Lopez's toilette was a train and corsage of Louis Quinze rich turquoise-blue silk, elegantly trimmed with *bouillons* and ruches of tulle and Brussels point lace, agraffed with bouquets of roses and grass. Lady Lopez also wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds. Lady Fairbairn had a costume of *fleur de pecher* satin, with Brussels point lace, bouquets, and marabouts attached, and variegated *oiseaux mouche*; corsage to correspond; stomacher of diamonds; skirts of shaded white and *fleur de pecher* tulle, trimmed with Brussels point lace; coiffure of ostrich-feathers, marabouts, and lappets of lace; *parure* of diamonds. The Duchess of Manchester was gorgeous indeed, in a dress of mystic-green tulle, covered with clouds of green tulle, agraffed with branches of *fleur de lys*, and showers of diamonds over the skirt and corsage; train of rich green *poult de soie*, bordered with *plisses* of tulle, and long scarfs partly covering the train, also agraffed with *fleur de lys*; the head-dress, *couronne* of diamonds, lined with green, and green tulle veil; ornaments, *parure* of diamonds. The Duchess of Buckingham had a train of the richest blue *poult de soie*, trimmed with *plisses* of blue and white tulle, and blue ostrich-feathers, tied in with large satin bows; petticoat of blue satin, trimmed with tulle, and nearly covered with the Buckingham lace; head-dress, plumes, veil, and diamond *couronne*; ornaments, stomacher, necklace, and bracelets of diamonds. The Princess Beatrice's dress must have been lovely in its girlish simplicity: white tulle over a white silk petticoat, looped up with lilies of the valley and apple-blossoms; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. The Queen was still in black, with her long tulle veil, cornet of diamonds, and a necklace of amethysts and diamonds. The Lord Chamberlain was commanded to give notice that the high square-cut gowns which have of late been occasionally worn by ladies attending her Majesty's courts and drawing-rooms, cannot be considered as full dress, or in future be admitted on these occasions. So the thin and the elderly dames must show their wrinkled, bony necks, just as though they were plump and white, because my Lord the High Chamberlain has been ordered to inform the British public that only low necks are full dress. What an absurdity to be sure, not allowing women to cover up bones and dried flesh, after time ceases to preserve the original affluence of nature!

THEODORE THOMAS' CONCERTS.

There is no place so truly and thoroughly enjoyable, these hot nights, as Theodore Thomas' Central Park Garden. He has made his orchestra the best string-band in the country; and in going to hear it, within the Park's cool shadows, we forget the terrors of our summer heat, for a time at least. He is trying, also, to popularize classical music. Classical nights I always stay away. Bach and Gluck are nuisances to me, while Auber and Strauss are my delight. A number of the first musicians from Boston have attached themselves to Thomas' orchestra,—among them, Heindl, the first viola player; and, in a little while, Listemann, who is now the leader of Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra in Boston, is to be first-violinist. There is a zither in the band, well played, as all the instruments are. Audiences of the best class of our citizens throng the hall and garden every night, and have some appreciation of the delights of a truly German entertainment.

THE DEATH OF PHILIP VAN RENSSELAER.

The sudden death of Philip Van Rensselaer, son of the old Patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, which occurred last week, has thrown a gloom over a large circle of friends. His wife and son were at Wallack's Theatre, and, returning to their home, found him dead. Mrs. Van Rensselaer, in her younger days, was one of our most celebrated beauties,—Mary Tallmadge, and when, years ago, her father took her to Europe, she produced a great sensation, both at the Russian and the French courts. She and Mrs. Judge Roosevelt were contemporaries.

SOROSIS.

Sorosis had a big meeting at Delmonico's the other day, with the thermometer at 90. They elected Miss Kellogg and Adelaide Phillips members, for being so distinguished in the musical world. These misanthropes, doubting the wisdom of the past, and the distinctions which nature has made, are looking forward to what they think will be a blissful time, when women are to control. I notice, that one of the reviews, in speaking of them, says that the number of women now in revolt against nature, religion, and the supremacy of men, is something unparalleled.

FASHIONS.

There are very beautiful things constantly arriving now from Paris, in *lingerie*, *parures*, and *casaques*. Jacket-bodices of muslin or foulard, trimmed with guipure or Valenciennes lace, and inserting; the most stylish have an add-basted pouf at the back, and richly-trimmed bow at the waist; large sleeves, with deep revers and a bouillonne at the waist; guipure of Valenciennes lace, plaited full, at the neck. Fichus of plaited muslin, trimmed with black velvet, wide lace, and fastened with a bow; sleeves to correspond. Another *fichu* of muslin, trimmed with embroidery, and double bow, with wide ends and revers, edged with a double fluting, which stands up around the neck. Marie Antoinette *fichu* of tulle, with ends crossed in the waist, and trimmed with two rows of Bruges lace. *Casaque* with large *pouf* behind, and rounded basque in front with revers of *poult de soie* to the bodice and basque; these revers are trimmed like the rest of the *casaque*, with Bruges lace, sleeves rounded at the bottom, and trimmed with two rows of lace. The style of *jupon* is quite changed. The skirts are very richly embroidered in deep flounces, slightly gathered, and with embroidered heading worked in the material. Others are flounced in Gothic plaits; these are the best. [illegible] two, or three rows of lace flouncing, embroidered at the border [illegible] only a little fuller behind; and all this [illegible]

[illegible]

THE EPISCOPAL TROUBLES.

A Suggestion by a Supporter of Mr. Cheney.

The last number of the *Episcopalian* (published in New York and Philadelphia), in the course of a long article on the Cheney case, makes the following suggestion:

"We would suggest that every minister who has expressed sympathy with Mr. Cheney, or who feels it, not having expressed it, prepare a discourse on the subject, advertise it, and invite the people, irrespective of denomination, to come and hear it, and by such attendance express their feelings of opposition to and abhorrence of the spirit and mode of proceeding in the Cheney case.

"Further, let all be invited to sign a petition to the General Convention to ignore the proceedings of Illinois, and to demand the alteration of the canons which lead to such disturbances and violations of Christian liberty and conscience.

"If something of this kind is not done, the consequences to our church will be most disastrous and ruinous. Evangelical men must rally around this standard of Gospel liberty, take their stand deliberately and firmly in the field of battle, and defend it against the Philistines."

What Bishop Lee, of Iowa, Says.

Bishop Lee, of Iowa, in his recent annual address to the convention of that diocese, said:

"We are blessed of God with a happy degree of peace and harmony as a diocese, though in the Church at large there is too much of discord and contention. I will not boast of our unity here among ourselves, but I may with propriety refer to it, and thank God for its existence. We are not without our differences of opinion; but thus far we have pursued the even tenor of our way, with no bitter controversies to trouble us, and with a history as free from ecclesiastical partisanship as has fallen to the lot of most of the dioceses of our beloved Church. God grant that the blessing with which we have been thus favored may be continued to the diocese in days, and years, and generations to come. To this end we must carefully avoid all innovations and irregularities, both in one direction and in the other, and keep as near as possible to that state and condition of the Church which existed before the present extreme developments had made their appearance, either in the Mother Church or in our own. On the one hand, there must be a willing and uniform compliance with the general and detailed provisions and requirements of rubrics and canons; and on the other, no excess of ritual or of practices which the prayer book nowhere recognizes and which naturally tends to diversity and confusion in the services of the sanctuary. I have always deprecated any peculiarity in the mere mode of performing divine service which should involve or display any doctrinal or ecclesiastical differences among ourselves as a church; and this is my feeling now; and my earnest exhortation to the clergy and laity is, to adhere to the ancient and simple ways of the Church, following no new fashions, especially those of a puerile character, applying no new tests of Churchmanship; but going forward in the way our fathers trod, and content, not only with the faith once delivered to the saints, but also with that simplicity of outward worship which marked the early Church of Christ, and which is so becoming in those who are professed followers of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, and who requires of all true worshippers that they worship the Father in spirit and in truth. I feel it to be a duty, now, as in times past, to discourage all defect and all excess in our public services. Both are offensive to my taste and to my views of the Church, and I do not desire to see them anywhere in the diocese. Any seeming irreverence in outward appearance and posture, on the one hand, or, on the other, any apparent 'voluntary humility,' or 'bodily exercise' in our worship, neither enjoined nor recognized in the Prayer Book, should both be avoided, by ministers and people alike, as inconsistent with a true sense of the Divine character, with proper views of the Divine presence, with the real dignity of our public service, and with the simple beauty of holiness. I would request that, aside from bowing at the name of Jesus in the Creed, there be no bowings or genuflexions in any part of our service; no apparent localizing of the Divine presence in any one part of the House of God; no processional or recessional parades or exhibitions; no practices of any kind that are novel and unusually perverted to the purpose of ostentation or superstition; and, in short, no departures from what have been the general customs of our Church in times past, and no introduction of novelties which are calculated to disturb our peace, to create new tests of Church tone and feeling, and to destroy that order and uniformity so desirable in our worship, and so accordant with apostolical and primitive example.

"What will be the issue of the present differences in the Church at large, God only knows. My own earnest prayer is that they may be so restrained and modified and overruled as not to result in any disruption of the bond that now unites us as one body; but that by wise, and mutual, and Christian forbearance and charity, there may be such accommodations of those differences as will obviate all necessity of actual divisions, and thus keep us together on that primitive and comprehensive basis so essential to a church capable of the widest extension, and partaking of the character of that Church built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."

High and Low Church in Ohio.

Mr. George A. Benedict, the editor of the Cleveland *Herald*, was a delegate to the Episcopal Diocesan Convention which met in Toledo last. Mr. Benedict writes thus of the several parties which participated in the election of the committees:

"These elections are always attended with some excitement, and upon this occasion with more than is usual. It is well known that a contest has been going on, lately, between two parties in the Church. We hardly know how to designate these parties, for we hate the usual designation of High and Low Church. But as those terms are better understood, in a popular way, than any others, we must use them. The High Church party, of late years, has been so feeble in numbers in Ohio as not to create much commotion in the Low Church party. But not only has the High Church steadily increased in numbers, but there has sprung up a middle party that stands between these two extremes. It is needless to analyze this matter and to show how and why the High Church party has been increasing in numbers, and why a third party has sprung up, but suffice it to say that the cause has not been entirely theological. Men have been induced to join the High Church party, not because they are extreme men, nor advocate innovation, nor favor 'fanciful' public worship, while the third party, not being disposed to identify itself with the extremists either side—not liking the terms High and Low—has come into existence in order to prevent the Church in Ohio from running 'up' or running 'down.' The consequence is, the Low Church party, today, is in a minority in Ohio, through lack of sympathy between the High Church party—which is utterly uncompromising—and the third party, the Low Church faction apparently has the power.

"On the election referred to, the Low Church had the advantage in way of discipline; no political faction could be better disciplined than was it. The High Church party stood on its dignity, apparently satisfied with being in the minority, its followers taking their cue from the leader, blindly following him when he gave the signal. The third party was not well organized, and at the present convention had sufficient power to disarrange the canons machine, though it did not thoroughly smash it. The best test of its strength of the three parties occurred on the vote for delegates to the General Convention, in the case of Rev. Mr. Burton, of St. Johns, West Side. This gentleman was the favorite of the Low Church party, emphatically, and on him, particularly, was the contest made. On the first ballot Mr. Burton, of the clerical delegates, was defeated, involving the necessity of another ballot for one clerical delegate. The High Church party nominated Rev. Mr. Brock, of Trinity, this city, and the Low Church party nominated Rev. Mr. Burton. The third party on this ballot was thrown off its centre and did not concentrate on any man. It could not vote for the nominee of either of these parties, and hence it scattered, and, naturally, threw away its vote, and Mr. Burton was elected, though by a minority. There is no doubt, could the elements opposed to the Low Church party have been welded by consultation and compromise of personal preferences, the combination could have defeated the Low Church party.

"The excitement attending the election of committees was not much, for until the thing was all over it was not dreamed of that the Low Church party could have been defeated."

Telegraphic Brevities.

Secretary Robeson has finally decided to deliver an oration at Morristown, N. J., on July 4.

—The rumors of the dangerous illness of Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, are untrue.

—The Republican Convention for Lucas County, held at Toledo on Saturday, adopted resolutions in favor of General Noyes for Governor, and Judge Lowry, of Defiance, for Judge of the Supreme Court.

—A heavy storm threatened to pass over Louisville last night, from the northwest, but went around, and was followed by a magnificent auroral display, attracting thousands of spectators to the streets.

—The crop reports from Arkansas is much more favorable since the settled weather set in. Although the average will be much less than last year, the prospects for cotton and corn are daily improving. The wheat crop is much injured by the late floods and rust.

—The citizens of Piano, Ill., and vicinity are perfecting their arrangements for a grand centennial celebration on the ninety-fifth anniversary of our national independence. Rev. Robert Laird Collier, of Chicago, has been secured as the orator of the day. Ample accommodations will be provided, and a large crowd is expected. The grounds selected are those in Steward's grove.

—L. S. Fulton, a promising lawyer of Janesville, Wis., whose [illegible] disappearance in March last caused so much remark, is safe at his father's home in Oneida County, New York. He wandered on foot through the States of Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia. As was supposed, Mr. Fulton is hopelessly insane, from softening of the brain.

—Accounts from different portions of Minnesota are to the effect that the growing crop of wheat has suffered severely from the long-expected drouth which has prevailed, and the many careful predictions are made that there will be but half a crop. A soaking rain on Friday, which was general throughout the region of St. Paul, has had a happy effect on all agricultural prospects, and those best informed believe that so far the promise of an abundant yield was [illegible]

—A party of teachers and pupils of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with Professor Bunkel at their head, and accompanied by J. Nash, of the Boston Traveller, as historian, arrived at St. Louis yesterday, en route to examine some mines in Missouri, Colorado, and Utah. They will visit Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob on Monday, to give the students an opportunity of [illegible]

—A St. Louis despatch to the effect that the [illegible] of the "great Iowa excursion of Iowa merchants," so hospitably entertained by that city on Wednesday last, was gotten up by Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Bloomfield, Iowa, for the benefit of his church, that the excursionists paid [illegible] of the people generally, and the entire crowd [illegible] of farmers' families and young people along the lines of the Iowa Central and North Missouri Railroads, who went out for a holiday trip, under the auspices of Mr. Shaw and his friends that all the [illegible] persons, which St. Louis did.

VALLANDIGHAM.

Full Details of the Accident Resulting in His Death.

Removal of the Remains to Dayton Yesterday.

Decease of the Brother of Mrs. Vallandigham at Cumberland, Md.

Her Mind Sadly Impaired by the Double Calamity.

Mr. Vallandigham's Political Sentiments—A Recent Interview.

CINCINNATI, June 17.—Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham died at Lebanon, Ohio, this morning, at sixteen minutes before 10 o'clock, from the effects of an accidental shot from a pistol, which was discharged while he was handling it last evening.

SORROW IN CINCINNATI.

There has been much sorrow manifested here to-day concerning the tragic end of Mr. Vallandigham, and it has been by no means confined to his political friends.

Persons who have differed with him and animadverted severely upon his course during the rebellion, have expressed no less regret at the terrible calamity which has befallen him than have his political associates.

News concerning his last hours has been devoured with avidity. Newspaper reporters who came from the scene have diligently sought for more details than have thus far been published.

WHEN THE PISTOL WAS DISCHARGED

Mr. Vallandigham was hardly aware of the severe nature of the wound, as he walked around the room awhile before lying down. Governor McBurney, alarmed at the sudden appearance of a tragedy, rushed to the adjoining rooms and at once summoned aid. As soon as several persons came, Mr. Vallandigham said it was a foolish act, and afterward adverted to it as

THE MOST RECKLESS ACT OF HIS LIFE.

Though he seemed to be conscious that he was badly hurt, he appeared decidedly hopeful during the early hours.

HIS VIEWS OF THE ACCIDENT.

Rev. Mr. Height called to see him, and Mr. Vallandigham, taking him by the hand, said, substantially, that he had too much faith in the Calvinistic doctrine to believe he would not get safely through this misfortune.

Once he told the surgeon to take care of the pain and he would manage the rest.

When impressed with the approach of dissolution, he was calm, and met the news of his condition bravely.

After Dr. Reeve arrived from Dayton, he soon had the room cleared, and when no one was present intimated to Mr. Vallandigham the very serious nature of his wounds. The patient, seeking for something on which to build up hope, reminded the Doctor of two bad cases of injuries not fatal, known to both, and asked if his were worse than they, to which the reluctant reply was, "Possibly not."

The Doctor then told Mr. Vallandigham, who was suffering from pain, that they would have to administer medicine of a sedative nature, and suggested that if he had anything to say he had better communicate it then.

Mr. Vallandigham then conversed with the Doctor concerning private matters, giving directions in regard to his business, after which medicine to relieve the pain was injected by hypodermic process.

OPIATES GIVEN.

After this there was no time when he was not under the influence of opiates, and that affected somewhat his sensibilities. He nevertheless appeared to keep possession of his faculties to the last.

APPROACH OF DEATH.

At 2 or 3 o'clock he seemed to be dying, and his friends were called to his bed-side. From that time he rapidly sank. The pulsation at the wrist appeared to have ceased, though he was [illegible] calm, so much so that Dr. Drake said he was the coolest man under such circumstances he had ever seen. He still showed occasional signs, about the face, of agony. As death approached, his face wore an [illegible] paleness.

HIS LAST WORDS

were a request for ice and medicine to allay his pain. In his last moments there were signs about the face that indicated great physical suffering.

At 16 minutes before 10 this morning he was dead.

THOSE WERE PRESENT

In the room where he died, his son Charles, 17 years old, the only living child, with whom he had a touching interview on his arrival, to which allusion was made in last night's despatches; also, Jno. M. Sprigg, of Dayton, a nephew of his wife; J. L. Vallandigham, a nephew, from Hamilton; James Vallandigham, a distant relative, from Hamilton; Lieutenant-Governor McBurney, Ben. Pittman, of Cincinnati; David Allen, of Lebanon, and a few others.

VISITORS.

During the night and morning he was visited by the veteran Judge [illegible], of Lebanon; General Ward, Judge Haynes, and many others. Governor McBurney was constantly in the room, contributing in every way to the wants of the dying man.

The niece of Mr. Vallandigham, a young girl [illegible] was greatly grieved.

THE BODY

was immediately placed in ice, preparatory to removal. From this time until the departure of the remains the hotel was besieged with persons who came to see the face, which was left exposed. The features and expression were admirably preserved. The remains left Lebanon for Dayton at 5 o'clock p. m., in charge of Judge Haynes, Mr. Vallandigham's law partner, and Judge McKenney, of Dayton.

A SAD FEATURE OF THE CASE

is the absence of Mrs. Vallandigham, who had gone the same evening to Cumberland, Md., called there by the death of her brother, Judge McMahon. She was telegraphed, and will reach Dayton to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

THE SAD EVENT

cast a sad gloom over Lebanon. Mr. Vallandigham, during the trial, had made numerous friends, and had, by his deportment, beaten down many prejudices.

THE M'GEHAN CASE.

All were looking forward to his speech in defence of McGehan, which would have been delivered to-day. Mr. Vallandigham had doubtless made unusual preparations. He intended the effort to be his great criminal one at the bar. He appeared to have thoroughly worked out the case. He entered upon it with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, and felt while endeavoring to still more satisfactorily explain its mysteries.

M'GEHAN, THE ALLEGED MURDERER,

in the prosecution of whose case he lost his life, was taken from the jail this morning to his bedside, and shed tears as he beheld the dying friend who had appeared, during the progress of the trial, to summon all his energy and legal ability in his defense.

A RECENT INTERVIEW WITH THE DECEASED.

The *Times and Chronicle* of this evening publishes an interview had between Mr. Vallandigham and one of its editors, on Wednesday, in which Mr. Vallandigham said:

"There can be no more political campaigns fought on the issues of the last few years. They are dead; and if the Democratic party refuses to move to the front, to accept the new order of things, it will simply pass away, and some other party, made up of the earnest, progressive elements of both the old parties, will take possession of the government."

When asked if he did not think the campaign of 1872 would be fought on present issues, he said:

"That may be undertaken by our party, but it will fail. A year ago Grant gave promise of his intention to lead the Republican party into a new departure, and he would have done it, but a gang of old politicians at Washington held him back, and scared him with gabble about defeat until he went square back into the old ruts. Grant is an honest man, and would do right if the politicians would let him; but that they won't do. He took the back track on the San Domingo question, in which, apart from the corrupt means used, he was clearly right. I tell you, sir, the annexation of territory and the control of all the outlying fragments of this continent is the destiny of the American people. We shall have San Domingo and Cuba, and Mexico, and all the rest—mark that! We missed the greatest chance we ever had in not getting Cuba during the Spanish troubles. We could have had it then for the mere asking, and, in a few years, we would have been owners of the richest and most productive piece of territory in the world. Why, they could be talk about me, and call me a disunionist. I tell you, sir, earnestly and honestly, that I never was a disunionist; that I always did believe, and now believe, that this Union will be perpetuated and extended until it embraces the continent."

His denial of disunion views Mr. Vallandigham then repeated, with marked emphasis. In reply to a remark of his interrogator about the hatred exhibited towards him by the dead-issue Democracy, he smiled and said:

"Why, what can I do? The Republican party won't move forward. It wants to stick to its old cliques, and my last hope is to get the Democracy to push to the front. However, there is no telling what they may do. If a few, and of one thing I am certain: if the Democratic party fails to move to the party of progress and advanced ideas, and I, from conscientious convictions, decide to join any other political party, that other political party will never stop to inquire what my past political record has been. Parties don't manage things in that way."

The interviewer says:

"Those who read may construe this expression as they please. I write it almost verbatim as he spoke it to me. The speaker in that room assured me that he meant all he said. The same sentiment was subsequently repeated in various forms during our conversation, which lasted, altogether, fully half an hour."

DEATH OF MRS. VALLANDIGHAM'S BROTHER.

BALTIMORE, June 17.—Hon. John L. McMahon, one of the ablest and most distinguished lawyers of Maryland, died in Cumberland, on Thursday night. The younger sister of McMahon is the wife of Mr. Vallandigham, who accidentally shot himself yesterday.

MRS. VALLANDIGHAM DISTRACTED.

CUMBERLAND, Md., June 17.—Mrs. C. L. Vallandigham came here to-day to attend the funeral of her deceased brother, Hon. John L. McMahon, and upon hearing, this morning, of the accident to and death of her husband, she became completely distracted. She is to be taken to Dayton to-night.

FEELING IN NEW YORK OVER THE SAD OCCURRENCE.

NEW YORK, June 17.—The news of the death of C. L. Vallandigham has created a profound impression in political circles here. All unite in expressions of sorrow at the untimely end, and sympathy for Mrs. Vallandigham in her double bereavement. The *Express* says: "Few public men, under the changed circumstances of the times, had a more promising future before them than had this distinguished citizen of Ohio. The Democracy of the whole country will sympathize with their brethren in Ohio in what is, indeed—both personally and politically—a sad bereavement."

Full Details of the Tragical Occurrence.

Special Despatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

LEBANON, June 17.—Clement L. Vallandigham, one of the counsel for the defence of Thomas McGehan on trial for the murder of Thomas Meyers, shot himself at 9 o'clock to-night, at the Lebanon House, accidentally, and it is feared is mortally wounded.

He was in a room in company with and entertained Governor A. J. McBurney, and while illustrating how Meyers might have shot himself [illegible] a Western pistol. It went off, no one knows exactly why, inflicting a severe wound in the abdomen. The ball entered at the right side, below the ribs. What direction it took has not been determined.

A telegram has been sent for Dr. J. G. Reeve, of Dayton, to come immediately. Surgeons here are making every examination of the wound now. The report is general and excitement intense. There is yet room for hope.

He has perfect possession of his faculties. He did not fall when the ball entered, and is not in pain. Just now the word is that the wound is not mortal, and that the ball has not passed through the bowels.

SECOND DESPATCH.

LEBANON, Ohio, June 16.—Doctors S. S. Scoville and Isaac L. Drake are trying to probe the wound. They think the ball has gone downward and backward, and that it may have penetrated the bladder, but they cannot tell. The ball has not been found. Mr. Vallandigham and Governor McBurney were the only persons in the room [illegible] when the accident occurred, said Vallandigham had put his loaded pistol in his pocket, supposing the chambers empty. He is supposed to have had it cocked, as he had been using an empty pistol, just examining in the same way, cocking and snapping, to show how Meyers shot himself. As he drew it out, he is supposed to have pulled the trigger, as in the experiment last evening, but it went off. He exclaimed, "Oh, murder!"

After the accident, he told A. G. McBurney that a chamber of the other pistol, which was lying on the table, was empty, and that he had taken the pistol from it. McBurney examined that pistol and found that its chambers were also loaded. Both pistols were lying side by side on the table, and Vallandigham picked up the wrong one.

THIRD DESPATCH.

Universal sorrow and regret are expressed.

LEBANON, O., June 16—10:30 p. m.—By his courteous [illegible] through the trial here Vallandigham made many personal friends. He was all day preparing his argument for to-morrow. Great expectations were entertained of him in that effort. People were preparing to crowd the Court House to hear him. The news of the accident has brought the people from their houses. The streets about the hotel are crowded. Outside on both sides are at the hotel. The City Marshal stands before the door of the room where he lies to keep the crowd back.

He looks very pale in the face. About a dozen friends are in the room. He can speak, but does not converse. At 10 o'clock the surgeons placed him on his side and turned him on the right side of his body, inside the ball entered, and retired for consultation.

In answer to a question if the wound was mortal, Dr. Drake said he did not know.

FOURTH DESPATCH.

LEBANON, O., June 16—11 p. m.—I have just seen Drs. Drake and Scoville. They pronounce the wound very dangerous, but can say nothing more. I have learned that the direction of the ball correctly. The ball entered [illegible] Dr. Reeve, of Dayton, has just arrived. Dr. [illegible] has been telegraphed to Mrs. Vallandigham, who is at Cumberland. Her brother's death. [illegible] she had started to Baltimore to attend the funeral of her brother. His clothing was burned; also the flesh around the wound.

FIFTH DESPATCH.

LEBANON, O., June 16—11:30 p. m.—The symptoms are growing more and more unfavorable. The pulse is about 120. He is in a prostrated state. Internal hemorrhage is feared. In case it occurs speedy death is certain. He cannot live long. The surgeons seem to entertain no hope, but do not say so. Gov. Campbell has been sent for.

SIXTH DESPATCH.

LEBANON, June 17—12:30 a. m.—One of the two pistols on the table was loaded. Governor McBurney understood Vallandigham that the chamber was out of the other pistol, but a close examination found it in, but not loaded.

His hands and feet are cold. He has been vomiting often, but throws up no blood. Dr. Drake says he is sinking very fast. There is free external hemorrhage from the wound.

SEVENTH DESPATCH.

LEBANON, O., June 17—2 a. m.—Dr. J. G. Reeve arrived from Dayton with Mr. Vallandigham's son Charles, at quarter past 1. The son and father had a short interview. Mr. Vallandigham said: "Be a good boy," stroked his head, and told him about despatching to his mother.

Dr. Reeve says the wounds are of a most serious character. Dr. Reeve told Charles to go to bed; that he would send for him when needed. Vallandigham's surgeons and Mr. S. Williams, of Loveland, are with him alone. No others are admitted.

Dr. Scoville, about midnight, asked Mr. Vallandigham if he was aware of his condition. He said yes.

Dr. Drake says he has not shown the least alarm. Internal hemorrhage is no longer a question.

EIGHTH DESPATCH.

LEBANON, O., June 17—3:40 a. m.—Vallandigham is dying. His friends have just been waked and called to his bedside.

WASHINGTON.

Rapid Progress of the Ku-Klux Investigation.

Award of Contracts for Indian Supplies.

The Financial History of the Government Being Prepared.

Internal Revenue Statistics—The Whiskey Tax.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE KU-KLUX INVESTIGATION.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The Ku-Klux Committee is having none of the difficulty usually experienced in obtaining the attendance of witnesses. Heretofore, sessions of investigating committees of this character have always been embarrassed by delays and dilatory action of those possessing important testimony. Witnesses respond to the summons of the present committee with the utmost alacrity. In some instances the depositions of witnesses have not been secured, and inhabitants in places where they once resided have rendered valuable assistance in hunting up their present abiding places. Most witnesses thus far examined have been summoned by telegraph, and in most cases favorable responses have been received on the same day. General Forrest's answer to the summons came in two hours after the telegram had left the committee room at the Capitol. It is a matter of general remark that some strong influence is at work in the Southern States to aid the investigations of the committee and get full information as to the Ku-Klux.

AWARD OF INDIAN CONTRACTS.

The contracts for furnishing beef to the Indians were awarded this afternoon to the following parties: H. W. Gillett, Leavenworth, Kan., for the Upper Arkansas Agency, at $2.19 per hundred, amounting to $25,000; L. English, Kansas City, for the Kiowas, at $1.90, and the Wichitas at $2 per hundred, amounting to $75,000; G. G. Cox, Nebraska City, $2.97 per hundred, amounting to $84,000. The bid for flour was awarded to E. C. Stannard, of St. Louis, at $3.50 per hundred weight. This contract amounts to about $25,000.

[To the Associated Press.]

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL TAX.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—No instructions have yet been received from the Treasury Department relative to the collection of the tax due by the New York Central Railroad. The matter is delayed for a few days in order to receive the decision of the company acknowledging the debt, in accordance with the decision of the law officers of the government. In case no such acknowledgment is received, the government will proceed with the collection of the tax by distraint and other legal measures.

THE POST OFFICE EMBEZZLEMENT.

The investigation into the defalcation of McCartney, of the Post Office Department, developed the fact that Olmstead, McCartney's predecessor, had not been proceeded against for his embezzlement, amounting to $60,000, nor have his bondsmen been required to pay the amounts for which they are responsible. Olmstead is not in custody, and has not been molested since he was bailed, more than two years ago.

THE WHISKEY TAX.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue will probably renew his suggestions to Congress next winter in favor of a law allowing a drawback of the tax paid on whiskey exported, besides making other suggestions calculated for the relief of the business from some of its present burdens. Distillers now have to pay, in addition to the tax of fifty cents on a gallon, the salary of storekeepers, gaugers' fees, and for locks, meters, etc. The Commissioner thinks the business of his bureau should be simplified, and that the tax would be much more willingly paid by the distillers if the tax per gallon were increased sufficiently to cover these extra expenses, and then have the officials paid out of the public treasury.

INTERNAL REVENUE.

The amount of internal revenue collected thus far during the present fiscal year is almost $138,000,000, and the Commissioner estimates that it will amount to about $140,000,000 by the 1st of next month. This is $20,000,000 more than Delano estimated in his report last December, and shows a decrease of about 14 per cent in the collections of the previous fiscal year. The [illegible] the country from which internal revenue is derived. As the production of whiskey has greatly fallen off, the increase in other branches must have been considerably greater.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

The President's visit to the Pacific coast, in August, will be made in a special Pullman car from New York. The car will be stopped and detained at places where the President desires to visit. He will be accompanied by General Porter, Senator Morton, and other distinguished men.

TREASURE.

Hon. E. C. Banfield, Solicitor of the Treasury, Colonel Whitley, Chief of the Secret Service, and Messrs. Jones, Whitney, and Gibson, were appointed a few weeks ago to go to California with a quantity of Treasury boxes, and bring back about three millions of dollars in gold. They arrived yesterday morning, and have safely delivered the treasure. The greatest secrecy was observed in regard to these transfers, and west of the Mississippi River they were guarded by strong military forces.

FINANCIAL HISTORY.

The financial history of the government from 1776 to 1871, now preparing under government control, will soon be completed. Since it became known that the government was at work on this great history, numerous claims against the United States, growing out of the Revolutionary war, have been received.

REMISSION OF TAX ASKED FOR.

The New Jersey railroads have filed claims with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for remission of the tax ordered to be assessed on dividends declared during the last five months of 1870.

A COLORED PENSION SURGEON.

The Commissioner of Pensions has reappointed Dr. A. T. Augusta (colored), who was removed by Dr. Van Aernam, the late Commissioner, to be an examining surgeon of the Pension Bureau.

THE BRITISH MINISTER.

Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister, with his family, sailed from New York on the 6th for London. It is rumored in diplomatic circles that he will be elevated to a higher position, and receive an Ambassador's appointment. Lord Alfred Paget is spoken of as his successor in Washington.

THE M'GARRAHAN CLAIM.

It is stated, on good authority, that the President, while here yesterday, gave instructions to the Secretary of the Interior to restore McGarrahan's record to the condition it was in before it was mutilated. This step is in accordance with the recommendation of Bingham's minority report, last winter, which was adopted by the House, but was laid on the table, by a decided vote, in the Senate.

GOVERNOR LINDSAY, OF ALABAMA,

concluded his testimony before the Ku-Klux Investigating Committee to-day, having been subjected to a searching examination of seven or eight hours in relation to the condition of affairs in his State. The details of his evidence are not made public, but it is known he gave an unqualified denial to reports of Ku-Klux outrages and organized resistance to law in Alabama, and expressed the belief, from sources of information available to him, that said State had not been quieter, orderly and peaceful for twenty years as it is present. Abundant means for free education have been provided, and are impartially accessible to all classes, both white and colored, and in no part of the State is any one in danger of molestation or violence on account of his political sentiments.

Three Colored Children Burned to Death, and a Fourth Fatally Injured.

From the St. Louis Democrat, June 16.

A horrible catastrophe occurred at Howard's Station, on the Pacific Railroad, one mile this side of Cheltenham, between 9 and 10 o'clock Wednesday night.

The station consists of a few houses, and only a portion of the trains stop there. The attention of the few people who live there is devoted to brick-making for the Howard Brick Company.

Morton Brooks, a colored man, employed by the company as teamster, lived in a small frame house near the station. The house contained but one room, and a small kitchen was erected at the rear. In the one room lived Brooks, his wife and six children, the oldest of the six being about 13 years of age. A few minutes before 9 o'clock, and, after seeing the children in bed and asleep, the parents left the house to visit a neighbor a few hundred yards away. While there their attention was attracted by the sight of flames issuing from the roof of their own dwelling, and they rushed back to try to save the lives of their children. The flames spread with fearful rapidity, and, before they could reach the structure, the roof fell in with a crash.

The three youngest children, Mason T. Brooks, 5 years of age; Jennie, 7 years of age; and Maggie, 9 years of age, were burned to death in the ruins, while the two other girls, Josephine and Alice, were badly burned, but succeeded in getting out alive. Alice, the younger, who was sick in bed at the time, is so badly injured that there is little hope of her recovery.

Dixie, a boy 3 years of age, is the only one of the six that escaped unhurt. He says he was awake at the time the fire originated, and it was caused by a coal oil lamp standing on a washstand by the window. The boy declares that the cat jumped in at the window, upsetting and breaking the lamp; but from the fact that there was no chimney on it, it is probable that it exploded.

In addition to the horrible death of the children, the family lost everything in the house, including $120 in money, which Brooks had saved from his wages of the last three years.

Information of the shocking affair was brought to the Second District sub-station by the mounted police, and Sergeant Kick, accompanied by two physicians, Drs. Bates and Walters, immediately started for the scene, and rendered all possible assistance.

Mrs. Brooks, at the time of the accident, was in a delicate situation, expecting soon to be confined, and the agitation and excitement nearly proved fatal to her.

The five surviving members of the family were kindly taken into the house of Col. J. M. Tarrants, and the two injured girls and the mother furnished with everything necessary.

—The grand jury at Dubuque has found a bill of indictment against Eugene Hempstead, son of ex-Governor Hempstead, for appropriating county warrants to his own use when employed in the Auditor's office as clerk. Hempstead has fled to California, and Dubuque County is out some $3,000. There is much excitement in consequence.

—The only apparent fruit of the "new departure" that the New Orleans *Times* has yet been able to see is, it says, the departure of Messrs. Vallandigham and Campbell themselves from the ranks of the Democratic party, to which still particularly wedded. It adds additional bitterness to its taunt by saying that their new departure resembles nothing so much as walking the plank overboard or the more homely simile of the man who sawed himself from off the tree. Finally, it declares that the real new departure in store for the country is a departure from the old class of wire-pullers, office-mongers, officeholders, and wrangling wire-workers, who have so long controlled the machinery of politics and government, for that matter. Both Vallandigham and Campbell, it says, are members of this class, and their day is over.

—While the Savannah (Ga.) *Republican* is not prepared to say that Jeff. Davis' recent public utterances were "prudent," it does say that it envies not that portion of the Northern Democratic press—confined chiefly to Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee—that are now engaged in the ungracious task of denouncing their grand leader of other days. It says: "In his recent speeches, so much condemned, Mr. Davis did not utter a sentiment that has not been expressed and reiterated over and over again, perhaps a thousand times, by every Democratic journal in the South." And it concludes with: "We submit to the Fourteenth amendment, as every good citizen should, but, so help us God, no party and no government on earth shall ever make us the executor of its foul decree of proscription against Jefferson Davis, or any other leader whom we helped to put in the field of battle for Southern independence."

MARRIED.

PHALE—BATES—At Springfield, Ill., Thursday, June 15, at the residence of Mr. F. W. Maris, by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Charles S. Hale, of Chicago, and Miss Emma Bates, of Springfield, Ill.

FOWMAN—CLARKE—June 15, by the Rev. Edward Sullivan, rector of Trinity Church, Mr. Edward Fowman and Miss Carrie Clarke, daughter of the late Henry B. Clarke, all of this city.

DIED.

WINSTON—June 17, Mervyn Winston, son of Mark G. and Frederick H. Winston, aged 4 years 11 months and 15 days.

Funeral from the residence of his parents, Monday morning next, at 10 o'clock. Friends of the family are invited.

FERRELL—Mary Harriet, oldest child of John H. and Frances E. Ferrell, on Friday, June 16, 1871, aged 6 years 7 months and 6 days.

Remains to be taken temporarily to Graceland, leaving residence, 24 Mohawk-st., at 2 p. m., Sunday.

OWENS—Funeral of Mrs. Wm. H. Owens from the residence, 425 Fulton-st., on Monday, June 19, at 11 o'clock. Friends of the family invited to attend without further notice.

PROFESSIONAL.

THE INDIAN DOCTOR.

The Great Excitement Still Continues at 196 South Clark-st., this City.

As time rolls on, and the Indian Doctor's fame spreads throughout the country, hundreds flock to his office daily for relief, and cures are being performed by him that truly astonish all who place themselves under his treatment.

The following are a few of the many cured within the last few days: Mr. B. Hoffman, policeman at Randolph-st. bridge, cured of consumption; Mrs. Jane Hanever, Michigan-av., cured of blindness; Mrs. B. Smith, 251 South Clark-st., cured of dropsy; little girl of Mrs. Rayberry, 24 Alexander-st., cured of St. Vitus' dance; Peter Schriner, 308 Second-st., cured of deafness; Mr. Hagerstein, 151 Townsend-st., cured of abscess on leg; Mrs. Mary Gough, Wabash-av., cured of rheumatism; Mr. J. Ewins, cured of catarrh; beside hundreds of others, who are either entirely well or are fast recovering their health.

The Doctor treats all forms of Chronic Diseases, and one month's treatment will satisfy the most skeptical that Roots, Herbs, and Barks, when dispensed by skillful hands, will restore the afflicted.

Dr. Fritz can be consulted daily at his office, 196 South Clark-st., from 9 a. m. till 12 m., from 2 till 4, and 7 to 8 p. m.

DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY.

GILES, BRO. & CO., STATE-ST.

NEW OPENING MONDAY.

BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF

DIAMONDS,

AND

Cameo Jewelry.

NEW FANS, OPERA GLASSES, TEA SETS, SATIN FINISHED EPERGNES, FRUIT AND CAKE DISHES, VASES, Etc.

Agents United States Watch Company.

BANKING.

HIBERNIAN

Banking Association

Savings Bank

Southwest Cor. Lake and Clark-sts.

CHICAGO.

Receive Money on Deposit, and allow Interest thereon.

Foreign Exchange.

Drafts on the Hibernian Bank, of Ireland, and its Branches, in sums of one Pound Sterling and upward.

Office Hours:

10 a. m. to 3 p. m.; also, Saturday 6 to 8 p. m.

HAMILTON B. BOX, Cashier. J. V. CLARKE, President.

HAIR GOODS.

LADIES.

THE LATEST FASHIONS IN HAIR CHIGNONS,

Just received from Europe.

E. E. ROEHL,

157 South Clark-st.

HALFORD

THE FAMOUS

"HALFORD"

MAY BE HAD AT

STANTON'S.

PATTERNS.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

For all the new Designs for Linen and Lawn Garments, go to BROWN'S PATTERN EMPORIUM, 73 [illegible] Tremont Block.

PIANOS.

Will offer for sale on MONDAY, June 19, an assortment of SECOND-HAND PIANOS, ranging in price from $50 to $175 at the Warerooms of

W. W. KIMBALL,

63 Washington-st., Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

$10—Royal Havana Lottery, of Cuba.

[illegible]

COMMON COUNCIL.

Meeting to Consider the Appropriation Bill.

All About the Bridges and Bridge-Tenders.

The Estimates for Bridge Repairs Reduced Nearly $6,000.

Ald. Montgomery Heard From on the Tract Question.

Pursuant to adjournment, the Common Council met last evening at 8 o'clock, to take up the Appropriation bill. There were present the following Aldermen: Knickerbocker, Dixon, Otis, Montgomery, Tracey, McAvoy, Thompson, White, Daggy, Bailey, Schmidt, Bateham, Hickey, [illegible] George Powell, Wicker, Walsh, Glade, McGrath, Buehler, Tyler, Schaffner, Schintz, Witbeck, Campbell, Gardner, Devine, McCauley, McCotter, Clarke, Gill.

In the absence of the Chairman, Ald. C. C. P. Holden, Ald. McCauley was appointed Temporary Chairman.

Ald. Walsh moved that the Council resolve itself into Committee of the Whole. The motion prevailed.

Ald. Daggy took the chair.

The appropriation bill was taken up, the first item being under the head of bridges.

Ald. McCauley moved to defer the consideration of the bridges.

Ald. Schintz said he wished to make some inquiries [illegible] the appropriation for bridges, [illegible] would be passed over [illegible]

The motion prevailed, and the committee took up the next item, entitled bridge repairs.

[illegible]

Total [illegible]

Ald. McGrath moved to strike out the sum of $1,500 for Rush street bridge, and insert the sum of $1,000.

The motion prevailed.

Ald. Schaffner moved to strike out the sum of [illegible] from the appropriation for State street.

Ald. Schintz said the total, $31,850, was a tremendous lump for bridge repairs. He was in favor of cutting the lump down to $20,000. The committee could cut down the sum and strike out the items.

Ald. Wilce thought, for the number of bridges, it was not a large sum. Accidents were occurring every week. The bridges were out pretty badly.

Ald. Schintz said there was $10,000 for repairs in his opinion it was too big an item altogether. It was the business of the Railway Company to keep the viaduct at State street bridge in repairs, not the city.

Ald. McGrath said most of the accidents to bridges were through the carelessness of bridge-tenders, and they were responsible.

Ald. Schintz moved to amend by substituting $1,000 for $1,500.

Ald. McAvoy thought appropriations for this purpose were as much needed as any other. The Finance Committee had facts and figures whereon to base their recommendation. Money could be saved in some other direction which it could be better spared. Last year's appropriation was all expended.

Ald. Bosst moved to make the total $20,000, in place of the sum named, but withdrew his motion.

Ald. McCauley was in favor of reduction.

Ald. Otis said the Committee was furnished with a detailed statement of the items of expenditure for the bridges. The whole appropriation of last year was expended, and Lake street bridge was not finished. [illegible]

[illegible]

Ald. McAvoy moved to cut the item to [illegible]

Ald. Bailey offered to substitute $1,000.

[illegible]

Ald. Whitaker moved to strike out the sum [illegible]

The motion to make it cost was adopted.

[illegible]

The Chairman reported progress, and the committee rose and reported progress.

The report was granted.

The Council then adjourned.

SELF-DESTRUCTION.

Suicide of the Assistant Cashier of a Life Insurance Company—Blows Out His Brains at the Laclede Hotel.

The chambermaid at the Laclede House, corner of Madison and Canal streets, [illegible] o'clock yesterday afternoon, [illegible] a room [illegible]

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON.

Progress of the Ku-Klux Investigation.

...Contracts for Indian Supplies.

...cial History of the Government Being Prepared.

...Revenue Statistics—...the Whiskey Tax.

MARRIED.

DIED.

PROFESSIONAL.

THE INDIAN DOCTOR.

The Great Excitement Still Continues at 196 South Clark-st., this City.

As time rolls on, and the Indian Doctor's fame spreads throughout the country, hundreds flock to his office daily for relief, and cures are being performed by him that truly astonish all who place themselves under his treatment.

The following are a few of the many cured within the last few days: Mr. B. Hoffman, policeman at Randolph-st. bridge, cured of consumption; Mrs. Jane Hanover, Michigan-av., cured of blindness; Mrs. B. Smith, 361 South Clark-st., cured of dropsy; little girl of Mrs. Rayberry, 24 Alexander-st., cured of St. Vitus' dance; Peter Schriber, 209 Second-st., cured of deafness; Mr. Hagerstein, 151 Townsend-st., cured of abscess on leg; Mrs. Mary Gough, Wabash-av., cured of rheumatism; Mr. J. Ewing, cured of catarrh; besides hundreds of others, who are either entirely well or are fast recovering their health.

The Doctor treats all forms of Chronic Diseases, and one month's treatment will satisfy the most skeptical that Roots, Herbs, and Barks, when dispensed by skillful hands, will restore the afflicted.

Dr. Fritz can be consulted daily at his office, 196 South Clark-st., from 9 a. m. till 12 m., from 2 till 4, and ... to 8 p. m.

DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY.

GILES, BRO. & CO., STATE-ST.

NEW OPENING MONDAY.

BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF

DIAMONDS,

AND

Cameo Jewelry.

NEW FANS, OPERA GLASSES, TEA SETS, ... FRUIT AND CAKE BASKETS, VASES, &c. Agents United States Watch Company.

BANKING.

HIBERNIAN

Banking Association

Savings Bank

Southwest Cor. Lake and Clark-sts.

CHICAGO.

Foreign Exchange.

Office Hours: ...

HAMILTON B. DOX, CASHIER. J. V. CLARKE, PRESIDENT.

HAIR GOODS.

LADIES.

THE LATEST FASHIONS IN

HAIR CHIGNONS

Just received from Europe.

E. E. ROEHL,

... South Clark-st.

HALFORD

THE FAMOUS

"HALFORD"

MAY BE HAD AT

STANTON'S.

PATTERNS.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

For all the new Designs for Linen and Lawn Overskirts, go to BROWN'S PATTERN EMPORIUM, 72 ...-st., Tremont Block.

PIANOS.

Will offer for sale on MONDAY, June 19, an assortment of SECOND-HAND PIANOS, ranging in price from $50 to $175 at the Warerooms of

W. W. KIMBALL,

63 Washington-st., Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Royal Havana Lottery, of Cuba.

COMMON COUNCIL.

Meeting to Consider the Appropriation Bill.

All About the Bridges and Bridge-Tenders.

The Estimates for Bridge Repairs Reduced Nearly $6,000.

Ald. Montgomery Heard From on the Tract Question.

[illegible]

SELF-DESTRUCTION.

Suicide of the Assistant Cashier of the Mutual Life Insurance Company—He Blows Out His Brains at the Laclede Hotel.

The chambermaid at the Laclede Hotel, corner of Madison and Canal streets, was startled, at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, by the report of a pistol, evidently fired in a room on the second floor. The girl proceeded to the apartment, but found the door locked. She called assistance, and, after some difficulty, the door was forced, and a terrible scene presented itself.

The form of a young man, handsome and well dressed, lay upon the bed in what appeared to be a dying condition. [illegible]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

EPISCOPAL.

Calvary Church, Warren, near Western avenue, Rev. A. W. Snyder, rector. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. The Sunday School hour has been changed to 9 a. m.

—Church of the Holy Communion, Burnside street, between Twenty-sixth and Thirtieth streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 4 p. m. All seats free.

—Grace Church, Wabash avenue. Rev. Clinton Locke will preach morning and evening.

—Church of the Atonement, corner of West Washington and Robey streets. Rev. Henry Kinney will officiate, morning and evening, at the usual hours.

—Trinity Church, Jackson street. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. [illegible]

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

Return of the White Stockings—What They Have to Say.

The Mutuals and Athletics Victorious Over the Bostons and Olympics.

Billiard News—The Regatta at Evanston, Etc.

Base Ball.

RETURN OF THE WHITE STOCKINGS.

The White Stocking party, in charge of President Gassette and Tom Foley, reached home last evening, alive and well, though somewhat crestfallen at the result of the journey. [illegible]

Billiards.

[illegible]

Aquatic.

REGATTA AT EVANSTON.

[illegible]

The Turf.

RACES AT ST. LOUIS.

[illegible]

JEROME PARK RACES.

[illegible]

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR LAWS.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: The commotion which this subject had produced for the past few days is amusing. [illegible]

An Elegant Affair.

[illegible]

Closing Sale of Oil Paintings.

[illegible]

Real Estate.

[illegible]

House-Furnishing Goods.

[illegible]

Fifty Lots at Auction.

Every one wanting a fine residence lot for a home, should be sure to read Storey & Griffin's advertisement in to-day's paper of fifty lots at auction on the 28th.

The Bunker Hill Anniversary.

[illegible]

Fires.

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE.

Revival of Activity in Real Estate, and Its Causes.

South Park Property—The Riverside Boulevard.

Statement of the Business of Last Week.

[illegible]

RIVERSIDE BOULEVARD.

[illegible]

THE CORONER.

Verdicts of Censure Against the City and the Northwestern Railroad Company—The Drowned Lover—Death from Asphyxia.

[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS.

Announcements for the Week—Gossip Here and Elsewhere.

CHICAGO.

[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS ELSEWHERE.

[illegible]

The Chickering Abroad.

[illegible]

Merchant Tailoring.

[illegible]

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Hazard & Caswell's Cod Liver Oil is the purest, sweetest and best in the world. [illegible]

Burnett's superior extracts of lemon, vanilla, &c., are universally known to be the purest, most delicious, cheapest, and best. For sale by all grocers and druggists.

Salt Rheum cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Art Matters.

[illegible]

Street Improvements.

[illegible]

The Police Court.

[illegible]

Festivals and Excursions.

[illegible]

Progress of the Tax Sale.

[illegible]

Religious Services.

[illegible]

The Fourth at Evanston.

[illegible]

Meetings Announced.

[illegible]

Before the Commissioner.

[illegible]

Coming Lectures.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 17.

The week has witnessed some important changes in the local money market, arising out of the increased movement of produce from the country toward the leading markets. [illegible]

COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 17.

The following table shows the receipts and shipments of produce at this point during the past twenty-four hours:

[illegible]

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

For the Week Ending June 17.

[illegible]

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Foreign Markets.

[illegible]

The Produce Markets.

[illegible]

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Vessels Passed Detroit.

[illegible]

MEDICAL CARDS.

Dr. A. G. Olin.

[illegible]

Dr. Bigelow.

[illegible]

Dr. Clark.

[illegible]

Private Matters.

[illegible]

Dr. A. G. Olin.

[illegible]

TIME-TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

[illegible]

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

[illegible]

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD.

[illegible]

CITY REAL ESTATE.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

BOARD WANTED.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, ETC.

PARTNERS WANTED.

LOST AND FOUND.

MACHINERY.

AGENTS WANTED.

INSTRUCTION.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

FINANCIAL.

SEWING MACHINES.

CLAIRVOYANTS.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

FOR SALE.

REWARD.

TO LEASE.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

THE LOGIC OF LOVE.

IV.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.
SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.
CLAIRVOYANTS.
HOUSEHOLD GOODS.
FOR SALE.

THE LOGIC OF LOVE.

IV.

The so-called "different loves" are only phases of one sentiment. A child's love for his mother is the incipiency of a man's love; and she who proves to be a bad husband and an incompetent mother, who, either from ignorance or neglect, failed to develop and train the boy's affections towards a gracious manhood. She may have been what is called "a devoted mother"; yet her very devotion has proved her incompetency if it has rendered her son selfish, petulant, lawless, and reckless. If she has manifested her love by incessantly ministering to his vanity, fostering his indolence and self-love, her devotion has been his curse rather than his blessing. If she has taught him to consult always his own wishes and consider his own comfort and disregard the happiness and convenience of others, she has proved herself to be weakly incompetent for the high and holy responsibilities of motherhood, and she has sowed in her son's heart seeds of discord that will bring forth a hundred measures of wretchedness. A wise and good mother will seek to gain the affection of her children, that she may use that affection to educate and ennoble them. [illegible] herself the weak gratification of ministering to their temporary pleasure, will, instead, teach them the beauty of [illegible] others and sacrificing themselves. She will teach them, day by day, the beauty [illegible] of Love's divine principle, which [illegible]. She will help them to [illegible] habit of considering others, and [illegible] each for the other, instead of considering only for himself. To do this, [illegible] necessary to make her own life a [illegible] holy usefulness, tender humility, [illegible] devoted affection. She must [illegible] that her own aim is to be of use to others than to heap up luxuries and comforts for self. So shall she inculcate the principle [that] love is not selfish exaction and [illegible] desire, but affectionate delight in the happiness of others. Such a mother as [illegible] to the world sons and daughters [illegible] whom generations yet unborn shall call her blessed.

[illegible] is a child's mind, that love may be interpreted as selfish greediness, or a great and exalted generosity. The training, however, that most boys and girls receive [illegible] them to regard marriage as merely an institution to enhance their own comfort and convenience. The boy-husband expects [his wife] to be an improved edition of mother; the girl-wife fondly anticipates in her husband a mother's patience and a father's [illegible]. Neither remembers that age and experience and sorrow must do a purifying work before the parental standard may be reached. The very unreasonableness of this expectation is a fruitful cause of quarrels. The husband is guilty of small selfishness or of indiscretion; the wife is "very sure mother would n't have acted so," and hastens to [illegible] what she should patiently endure and [illegible] strive to amend.

Nothing is more disastrous to domestic happiness than a habit of fault-finding. Make men and women think less of themselves and you will make them think less of you. For this reason a wife should, when forced to disapprove of her husband's conduct, still express the utmost faith in his intentions. She should refuse to believe that his motives could be other than the best, for by so doing she will manifest not only her own generosity, but save his pride the mortal blow that would destroy his love. Many women imagine they have gained a great triumph, if, by constant reproaches, repellant silence, an air of martyrdom, they can convince their husbands how conscious they are of being married to a brute. So far away from the angel spirit of loving concession is this, that its effect can never be to regain the husband's recreant affection, and render him the devoted lover and friend that every wife desires. Such conduct can serve only to widen the breach and destroy the remnant of affection that may remain.

Lovers' quarrels often seem, for the time being, to enhance love, since the reaction from temporary pique is increased tenderness; yet persistent discord weakens love, as a spring loses its elastic rebound by being too frequently sprung. It is a singular fact, however, that a certain kind of love often treads on the trenches close upon hatred, and the merest trifle may turn the scale either way. There are natures that fascinate, even while they repel, and obtain a wonderful hold upon the imagination, though reason, and even instinct, condemn them. They seem to possess the faculty of exciting, first, unrest, and then desire. They disturb the harmony of self-centred composure by some shock to the feelings, and somehow induce the belief that they can quiet the agitation they have induced and satisfy the hunger they have awakened. Such persons fascinate as a snake fascinates, and their mission is to tantalize, benumb, and eventually destroy. The love they excite is fevered unrest and emotional insanity, consequently they neither give nor receive happiness, but exert only the most baleful and disastrous influence. Some natures have the power to fascinate, yet others have the ability to charm. The last is as different from the first as joy is from sorrow; it is possessed only in proportion as the character is exalted by purpose and sweetened by sympathy. One who charms illumines the soul with the cheering and invigorating sunshine of love, yet does not scorch it with the fierce flames of unsanctified passion. Such influence imparts a tender joy rather than passionate and unquiet desire. It is the irresistible attraction of sympathetic souls whose ultimatum is the peace that passeth understanding. Such love, however, "requires a greatness of nature that does not often [illegible]; and two natures, both large and free, yet unlike, though not discordant, are rarer."

In ordinary life love is merely the exercise of a single affection. Men and women love each other for one or two charming traits or accomplishments, and are in harmony with each other only when under the influence of a special mood, when they meet rarely, and only imperfectly, on common ground. The remainder of their intercourse with each other is commonplace, unsympathetic, and discordant. A thousand petty stabs are given by each to the other's pride, vanity, or whatever emotion is uppermost, and discord reigns where harmony should prevail; for love and hatred are for the most part involuntary and the result of many secret and subtle sympathies apparently uncontrollable, [illegible] are highly susceptible of cultivation. [illegible] light as air not unfrequently establish a lack of sympathy or "cause dissension between hearts that love." A good illustration of this is told in the story of two fellows that had been the best friends for over thirty years. They resided in the country, about twelve miles from the nearest town. Riding out together, in an old top buggy one day, they had occasion to pass a tract of land belonging to a man named Baker. The land had a little brook, running through a gully, on it.

"[illegible]," said one, whose name was Burr, pointing to the gully, "if Baker wanted to make a pond, all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"[illegible]," said the other, whose name was [illegible], "but Baker don't want a pond."

"[illegible]," replied Burr, raising himself up, "I didn't say he wanted a pond, did I? I said if he wanted a pond all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"[illegible]," exclaimed Baker, "I did not say you did say he wanted a pond, did I? All I said was that Baker did not want any pond."

"[illegible]," shouted Burr, in an angry tone, "I did say that you did say that I said he wanted a pond, did I? I said if—if he wanted a pond all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"[illegible]," said Clark, now thoroughly enraged, "you are a confounded old fool, and I [illegible] ride with you any further! Stop the [illegible]."

[illegible] stopped the wagon, and Clark [illegible] six miles to his destination rather than ride with Burr, and the two never spoke to each other afterward.

[illegible] and contemptible as such a quarrel [illegible] related in detail, it is a fair sample of [illegible] of the disagreements that occur between man and wife, and undermine a great deal of earnest feeling and genuine [illegible]. One is at a loss to understand how it is possible for two persons to be so childishly unreasonable, unless one can realize [illegible] vital law of harmony that has been [illegible].

[illegible] foregoing quarrel, for example, it is evident that Burr prided himself upon the [illegible] that enabled him to see just how Baker could build a pond by "throwing a wall across that gully." He confided his [illegible] to Clark, fully confiding in Clark's [illegible] of his idea. Clark, however, instead of rejoining warmly, "Why, Burr, that is an admirable idea; I wonder Baker never thought [of it]," responds coldly, "Yes, but Baker don't want a pond," and thus tacitly [illegible] contempt upon Burr's proposition. [illegible] wounded vanity, Burr hotly replies, "I didn't say," etc. Of course, Clark's [illegible] being combative, urges him to explain [that he] "didn't say." Whereupon Burr [illegible] "say" either; in which asseveration [he] manages to leave the impression that [Clark] stupidly misunderstands him, and [illegible] on that account the most withering [contem]pt. The secret cause that moved Clark [to refuse] the sop to Burr's vanity that Burr [so] desired, is of little moment. It [might] have been a bad debt, an undigested [dinner], an attack of neuralgia, a bad [illegible], a premonitory attack of biliousness, [a sud]den conviction that Burr was growing [illegible] and needed a little resolute putting [down]. Whatever the cause, the result was the [same]. Angry feeling was engendered and no [good] accomplished. It is this yielding to momentary impulse that not unfrequently destroys or impairs affection that is the growth of years.

Nothing is more disastrous than to wound the vanity or attack the self-esteem of those whose love we desire to retain, for to make them think meanly of themselves is to inflict upon them a discomfort for which they will be certain to revenge themselves upon us. Moreover, it is bad policy toward ourselves to think too much of the faults of those with whom we sustain an intimate relationship. Remembering that to love is to enjoy, we should guard our love sacredly, and when the faults or foibles of others threaten to destroy our affection, we should resolutely force ourselves to think of and magnify the good that is in them. However little we may find in them to admire, we can feed and keep alive our love by constantly dwelling upon that one admirable quality, and resolutely ignoring any disagreeable or uncongenial characteristic, for love is not only the key to usefulness but the secret of happiness. It is impossible to benefit others or to bring them into the tenderness for us which we desire unless we can first love them. We can never hope to correct their faults until we can first convince them that we appreciate all of their good qualities. We can never influence them until we can demonstrate to them our singleness of purpose to make them happy; for in this way we appeal not only to their selfishness that craves enjoyment, but to their higher nature that approves and commends our generosity. Love is the promise of happiness; therefore, selfishness both originates and destroys it. We love because we desire to be happy, and to make happy the object of our affections; yet, if we think most of our own happiness, we defraud the one we love, and, by making him unhappy, starve his affection and cheat ourselves.

Love not unfrequently dies and makes no sign; little by little we have exhausted its strength, selfishly demanding of it unnecessary sacrifices, and fancying, because we evoke no bitter remonstrance or vehement outbreak, that we have done no violence to the emotional nature. A little persistence, a covert threat, affected coldness, or over-persuasion, will obtain for us the coveted triumph of the moment, and we never dream that we have had our way at a fearful sacrifice of affection. We never imagine that the fund is not inexhaustible until some desperate crisis or sudden revelation appalls us with the cruel truth that we have exhausted love, and may only depend upon an uncompromising and implacable indifference. Worse than useless are reproaches. Vainest of all vain things is gloomy and bitter regret. There remains for us simply to endeavor to regain what we have lost. Patience and perseverance will not unfrequently accomplish this. Yet so careful and delicate is the undertaking that one must be guided by reason rather than feeling. One must consider not only the tastes and wishes of those he would influence, but must adapt himself also to their varying moods so that he may not repel where he wishes to attract. Moreover, he must conceal as much as possible the fact that his object is to regain lost affection; he must ignore for the time emotion, and appeal to reason, imagination, benevolence and the more accessible faculties that are governed by recognized laws. Having enlisted these, love follows as an inevitable sequence. The majority of persons, however, resent a loss of affection openly and bitterly; and instead of endeavoring to regain it by gentleness and patience, extinguish the last spark by angry reproaches or resentful coldness. It is as if they should find a plant dying for lack of nourishment, and instead of giving it water and sunshine and careful nursing, they should angrily pluck it up by the roots, trample it under foot and indignantly cast it out, expecting that such treatment would rouse it to protest that it was not dying, and manifest more vigorous life and animation. The laws of its being would forbid such an anomaly, and love is equally subject to fixed laws. PROTEANA.

PUNS AND PUNSTERS.

Who does not love an occasional pun? I confess I have a keen relish for this species of wit, when the jest is really extempore, and not a cut-and-dry impromptu, which the author has kept, à la Sheridan, in a corner of his brain for weeks, and provided also that it is first-rate, or bad enough to be good, which amounts to the same thing. A wise man says:

A fool hath planted in his memory
An army of words;

and I confess there is no greater nuisance in society than the literary trickster who, instead of following a subject where it leads him, twists and tortures it most unnaturally, in order to suit it to a phase that he has kept in pickle for the service—leading the conversation into an ambush, only that he may give play to his sharp-shooters when he has tricked us within their reach. But this trick is not peculiar to punsters; it is played by all conversers who are ambitious to shine in society, and care more to dazzle and electrify than to instruct or be instructed. In spite of this drawback, there are few persons who are not pleased by a good pun.

It is true, you meet now and then a scowling moralist, an intellectual owl, very wise in his own conceit—one of those beings whom Wadsworth has so happily characterized as

A reasoning, all-sufficient thing,
An intellectual all-in-all,

who has a morbid abhorrence of these "agreeable levities," as Lamb calls them, these "twinkling corpuscula of conversation." Everybody remembers the hackneyed saying of Johnson that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. Yet one can imagine the prompt and indignant "You lie, sir!" with which the great, gruff, seven-tailed bashaw of conversation would have greeted the necessary, logical inference—had anyone dared to hint it—on a certain occasion when the Doctor himself pointed one of his keenest sarcasms with a pun. Visiting St. Andrew's College shortly after that institution had made itself infamous by selling its honors, the Doctor asked the Provost how the college was prospering. The Provost complained that it was poor. "Well," said Johnson, "you have only to keep on as you have begun, and you will get rich by degrees!"

Another authority whom the enemies of puns are fond of quoting, is our own lexicographer, Noah Webster, who, in his ponderous dictionary, after vainly trying to define a pun—a thing which defies definition as utterly as does a lover's glance, or that gyratory movement about the tip of the nose which so significantly says, "Don't you wish you could come it?"—pronounces it a low species of wit; at the same time giving the lie to his own li-bel by quoting for illustration one of the most exquisite pieces of pleasantry in the language. "Thus," says the lexicographer, "a man who had a tall wife, named Experience, observed that he had, by long experience, proved the blessings of a married life." The barbarian! to call this gorgeous jeu d'esprit low wit! The truth is, it is only such stubborn old fogies as Webster, or your dull, thick-pated men, who have not the ingenuity to perpetrate a pun, that object to this cunning play upon words—these shrewd and felicitous attempts at double meaning. Certainly, if, as Swift says, he is a benefactor of his species who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, then he is also a philanthropist who causes two meanings to grow upon a word that had but one before. I fear the antipathy of the pun-haters is sometimes explicable upon the principle of sour grapes. At any rate, it is not hard for any one to abstain from this species of wit, with whom wit is always at zero. As old Fuller says, "Eunuchs deserve no such great commendation for chastity."

Foote, who was certainly a man of understanding, in answer to the charge that punning is the very lowest kind of wit, retorted; "Very true, for it is the foundation of it." The great Dean of St. Patrick's, who was himself a brilliant punster, has vigorously defended the fraternity, declaring it to be, as our own Saxe says;

——Quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular, double-loaded gun.

So thought South, Fuller, Hood, and a host of others whom we might name. Of Shakspeare, the myriad-minded, it has been said, with some exaggeration perhaps, that "a pun was the Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it." Some of his dialogues are an incessant, rattling fire of puns; and he evidently chuckled over a "shocking bad" jeu de mot with more delight than over his most gorgeous conceptions. Burke was a brilliant punster, and some of his classic witticisms, which turned upon the pivot of a pun, have never been surpassed.

When his friend, the Rev. Dr. Marlay, was appointed to the Deanery of Fearns, "I do not like the name," said he, "it sounds so like a barren title." When some one asked whether the Isle of Man was worth going to see, "By all means," said Burke; "the proper study of mankind is man." To the chairing of Wilkes by the mob, he applied, with the alteration of a letter, Horace's description of Pindar's numbers, "Fertur humeris lege solutus—He is carried on shoulders uncontrolled by law."

The conversation and writings of the old English divines, it is well known, reeked and rioted with puns. Sanders, the coarse libeller of Queen Elizabeth, is termed Slanders, rather, by the witty Thomas Fuller; of whom, by the way, it was said that every one who heard him came away fuller. No graver or more earnest divine ever lived in England than Baxter; yet even he did not disdain "to play nicely with men's names." Having occasion to speak of two persons of considerable note in the English civil wars, the one named Vane, and the other Sterry, one of whom was chaplain to the other, and both of whom he disliked, the sturdy old Puritan, in his memoirs of his own life, observes of the two gentlemen, that "Vanity and sterility were never more suitably joined together;" and again he speaks of the "vanity of Vane, and the sterility of Sterry." One of the most telling puns ever made was uttered by Dr. Mountain, chaplain to Charles II. Being asked one day by that monarch, to whom he should present a certain Bishopric, just then vacant, "If you but had faith, sire," replied he, "I could tell you who." "How so," said Charles, "if I but had faith?" "Why, yes," said the witty divine, "Your Majesty might then say to this Mountain, be thou removed into that see." Even great military chieftains, in the very moment of victory, have not disdained to perpetrate puns; and it is curious that two of the most perfect and pungent puns ever made were dashed off by British Generals, when flushed with triumph, in the East Indies. "Peccavi" (I have Scinde), was the single word by which the brave Napier notified the British Government that he had successfully stormed that place. "I am in Luck-now," wrote Havelock, on capturing the latter stronghold, after many rebuffs and hardships.

Tom Hood, who is, perhaps, the prince of word-twisters, and who daily and hourly dislocated syntax without dreaming that he could be taxed with sin, has very naturally accounted for the bigotry of the anti-punsters, the "verbal Unitarians," as he terms them, by saying that it is no wonder that persons who with difficulty comprehend one sense should be offended at two. No doubt there are odious punsters, who are a nuisance in every society, just as there are vile punsters, etc.; but who judges of an art by the quacks and bunglers that bring it into contempt? In punning, as in poetry, there is no half success; mediocrity is hateful to gods and men; and it is true, emphatically, as Horace says, that

Qui paulum summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

Were I an autocrat and a hater of puns, there is one kind of play upon words against which I would never issue my imperial ukase, however severely I might punish all other pun-makers.

I mean the classical pun, which only a scholar and a man of genius, and that, too, in a moment of the highest inspiration, can create. Of all the scholars who have excelled in this species of wit, no one probably surpassed that "gulf of learning," Dr. Parr. A good illustration of his skill is his remark to a person who opened the window of a room while he was suffering from a cold; "That draught of air is too much; at present, I am only 'par levibus ventis.'" Again, when in taking down some books from his shelves, a critical work of Lambert Bos fell upon a volume of Hume, he promptly said, "Procumbit humi bos." Another of his jeux d'esprit which we have seen attributed to Swift was called forth by a lady at a musical party, who, in passing a table on which lay a valuable Cremona violin, accidentally swept it on the floor with her mantua. Parr quoted Virgil's line:

Mantua, vae miserae, nimium vicina Cremonae!

Among the few felicitous classical puns that have been saved from oblivion is that by a Vice Chancellor, who was unjustly hissed by the undergraduates in the Senate House at Cambridge, England. Bowing to them politely, he said, "Laudatur ab his." The joke of Lord Sandwich, when the servant let fall a neat's tongue—"Never mind, it is only a lapsus linguae"—is well known; but not equally so, perhaps, is the story of the Alderman, who, treasuring it in his memory, and quoting it when his servant threw down a leg of mutton, was astonished that he provoked no laugh. On the whole, I am inclined to give the palm of excellence over all the other puns that have been made to the masterpiece of one Jekyll, who was told that a young lady had learned thorough bass in two months: "Impossible!" said the wit; "nemo repente turpissimus fuit."

It was Addison, we believe, who said that a pun can no more be engraven than it can be translated. Yet one of the wittiest puns ever made is as telling in English as in French. "Make a pun," said Louis XIV. to a jesting courtier. "I want a subject," said the wit. "Make one about myself," suggested His Majesty. "Le roi n'est pas un sujet—the King is not a subject," was the prompt reply. One of Horace's satires turns entirely upon a translatable, though dismal, pun. Even were it true, however, that puns cannot be translated, the objection is two-edged, applying to all the highest species of wit and poetry. Cervantes compares translation to the reverse side of tapestry; and if a pun often loses by the process, so also evaporates the aroma of Milton, the bouquet of Chaucer, the idiomatic charm, the verbal felicity of the most exquisite lines of Shakespeare. W. MATHEWS.

WALKER IN NICARAGUA.

From the Poems of Joaquin Miller, the new California Poet.

WALKER.

He was a brick and brave as a bear,
As brave as Nevada's grizzlies are,
A Texan tiger in her lair,
Or any lion of anywhere;
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss,
And true of soul as the North Pole star;
Tall, courtly, grand as any king,
Yet simple as a child at play,
In camp and court the same alway,
And never moved at anything;
A dash of sadness in his air,
Born, may be, of his over care,
And, may be, born of despair
In early love—I never knew;
I question not, as many do,
Of things as sacred as this is;
I only know that he to me
Was all a father, friend could be;
I sought to know no more than this;
Of history of him or his.

HIS DEATH.

Speak it! who will ... he died
In all disgrace; say of the dead
His heart was black, his hands were red;
Say this much and be satisfied;
Gloat over it all undenied;
I only say that he to me,
Whatever he to others was,
Was truer far than any one
That I have known beneath the sun,
Man, maid, or saint, or Sadducee,
As true as man for any cause—
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand and fair of fame;
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
To him, and so shall to the end.

HIS GRAVE.

He lies low in the level'd sand,
Unsheltered by the tropic sun,
And now, of all he knew, not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.
Perhaps 'twas this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide;
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.
A palm not far held out a hand,
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quiver'd like a willow wand;
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
Perch'd on the fruits that crooked hung,
A bird in rainbow splendor sung
A low sad song of temper'd grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross or stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld his lances long and keen;
It stood in hot red sands alone,
Flat-palm'd and fierce with lifted spears;
One bloom of crimson crown'd its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
Yet redolent as roses' tears.

All rosy-lipp'd and pearly red;
I laid it by the lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea,
Oh shell, sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee!

I said some things, with folded hands,
Soft whisper'd in the dim sea sound,
And eyes held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees knit in the warm sands,
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more.

Practical Criticisms.

The well-known remark of the countryman, contemplating the pigs portrayed by a great painter, that they were plaguey like pigs, but no one ever saw three pigs feeding together, but one of them had a foot in the trough, is a fair example of practical criticism. We are indebted to the late Cardinal Wiseman for another. At the Manchester exhibition was a large fresco of the "Death of Absalom." On the one side was seen the Jewish Prince hanging by his hair, from the branches of an oak. On the other side was the mule he had been riding, galloping away wild and scared. Two men, evidently of horsey proclivities, looked at the picture a long time in silence; at length one of them exclaimed: "Well, he deserves it! What a stupid fellow he must have been to think of riding such a vicious brute as that with nothing but a snaffle." A good story, too, was that told by the same dignitary, of the English gentleman taking his Yorkshire groom through the Vatican Museum, and making him halt in the centre of the Sala della Biga before a marble model of an ancient chariot drawn by two horses running at full speed, with distended nostrils and dishevelled manes. "Look at these two horses, and tell me what you think of them," said the master. The Yorkshire man, interested at once, set about examining them in the same spirit as he would have done had they been living animals he was commissioned to buy. He patted the necks and flanks of the marble steeds, stroked their stony coats, and scrutinized them carefully from head to heel. "Now," said the gentleman, "what do you say to them?" "Why, sir, that is a splendid animal; I don't think much of t'other!" His judgment was not at fault. The horse he admired was the work of the ancient sculptor; the one he did not think much of was a modern restoration. The practised eye of the groom recognized the truthfulness of the old artist. An artist may, however, be too truthful to please, as John Riley found out when Charles II. exclaimed, as he looked upon his own portrait by that painter, "Is this like me? Then, odd's-fish, I am an ugly fellow!" Riley was too honest for courtly patrons, and it was not surprising that Lely's pencil should be preferred to transmit the features of the frail beauties of his time to canvass; whether he did transmit them, we may be allowed to doubt, after reading Mr. Pepy's note: "This day I did first see the Duke of York's room of pictures of some maids of honor, done by Lely; good, but not like."

A Sonnet of Keats.

Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and John Keats once undertook, in a sort of literary journey, to write each a sonnet on the River Nile; the first two of these poets having already broken lances with each other in sonnets on the grasshopper and the cricket. The Nile sonnets of Shelley and Hunt are well known as magnificent specimens of this class of poetry, but Keats's sonnet is not included in any edition of his poems. It was only to be found in the "Life and Letters of Keats," by R. Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), until it was lately reproduced by Notes and Queries. It was not the least successful sonnet of the three written in competition, and runs as follows:

"TO THE NILE.

"Son of the old moon-mountains African,
Stream of the Pyramid and crocodile!
We call thee fruitful, and that very while
A desert fills our seeing's inward span.
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile
Those men to honor thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?
O may dark fancies err! They surely do;
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
The pleasant sunrise. Green isles hast thou too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste."

PHILADELPHIA.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, JULY FOURTH—ITS SOUVENIRS—THE OLD BELL—QUAINT NOTES ON THE SIGNERS—CAESAR RODNEY'S RIDE—ANTIQUARIAN PHILADELPHIA.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

PHILADELPHIA, July 6.

There is no fitter place for an American, on July Fourth, than Philadelphia—that is if he be a seventy-sixer. Should he fall five short and be a seventy-oner,—if I may be allowed the expression amongst all these fire-crackers,—it may occur to him that Philadelphia has too much protection to be at liberty at present. She is not outside of Independence bell humming at what it proclaims, but has fled underneath it, and, from that dark and brazen interior, a cry like the voice of William D. Kelley comes, ever and anon, saying:

"Protect the Ame-er-i-ka-a-n la-ay-bo-re-er."

REVOLUTIONARY PHILADELPHIA.

It has occurred to me that, in these Fourth of July times, some observation from the standpoint of Independence Hall may be seasonable and fresh for the longitude of Chicago.

A good deal of old Philadelphia remains. Both halls, where our early Colonial Congresses met, are in perfect preservation. Many of the dwellings of the revolutionary period remain in an altered shape or swallowed up in commercial neighborhoods; several of the churches continue to be used for worship, in form as they were almost a century ago, and any visitor enterprising enough to take Watson's Annals of the City, for his guide book, may spend an agreeable day poking around the former metropolis port of British America. The whole is comprised within a parallelogram one mile long by half a mile wide. The spot where Jefferson wrote the Declaration, the site for the first Foreign Affairs Office, the grave of Franklin, Christ Church,—a noble relic,—and the major public buildings of the period of the Declaration lie within a few minutes' stroll of the State House, now, as in 1776, the political capital of a city with one-third the population of the whole thirteen colonies which were represented.

Carpenters' Hall, the place of session of the Continental Congress of 1774, a body denominated by Chatham "the most honorable assembly of men ever known," is a substantial and well preserved brick edifice, with a large wooden door, an old-fashioned gallery outside, between the first and second stories, and a gable trimmed with deep wood carving, and carved pediment cone. A cupola presides over it, much lower than the steeple of the State House, which is only a few rods distant, on the same street. A short alley leads back to this edifice, and it is still in the possession of the Society of Carpenters. The delegate chamber is about fifty feet square, with a long corner or vestibule. Here, on the 5th of September, 1774, met fifty-four delegates from twelve colonies, Georgia only omitted. It was probably an abler body of men than that which signed the Declaration twenty-two months subsequently. Washington, Sullivan, Patrick Henry, Samuel and John Adams, John Jay, Philip and William Livingston, John and Edward Rutledge, Samuel Chase, R. H. Lee, and Roger Sherman were in it; "the greatest men on this continent," said John Adams, "in abilities, virtues, and fortunes." The Secretary of that Congress, Charles Thompson, remained in the same position over every succeeding Congress until Washington's inauguration in 1789, and he died, in 1820, at the age of 94. In this chamber was adopted the Declaration of Colonial Rights and the principles which developed a few rods up the street into resistance.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

The State House, one half of the lower story of which is called Independence Hall, was commenced in the year 1729, and finished forty-two years before the signing of Independence in it. It cost £5,600, probably equal at the present increase of money to $40,000—though, leaving out the unreliable exchange of time, less than $50,000. To build it now, with its deep walls and heavy woodwork, would cost about $100,000, if not more. The carpenters who constructed it received in wages four shillings a day; the bricks cost thirty-one shillings and eight pence (about $8) per thousand, made near by, and laborers were paid two shillings six pence (sixty cents) per diem. Its master carpenter was named Edward Woolley, and the architect was Dr. John Kearsley. The bell above it which struck, first in the world, the music of a new State resolved upon in the Western Hemisphere, had been imported in 1752, but was recast under the direction of Isaac Norris, Quaker, and Speaker of the Colonial Assembly. This prophetic broadbrim christened it with the motto of "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof!" Thus down the well of time fell an old text of Scripture, to be caught up in the quaint notch of a Quaker's brain and made to vibrate foremost at the dread pronouncement of a new State. The bell weighs 2,080 pounds, and was the largest cast up to that time in English America; it was taken down to secure it from the British occupancy in 1777, and now exists as a trophy. Two years before the Declaration was adopted, the decayed State House steeple was removed, leaving only a small belfry as adjunct to the town clock. The present steeple is a good piece of timber-work, not entirely unlike the original.

The State House fronts sidewise upon Chestnut street, the promenade street of Philadelphia, and the centre, or the hall part, is recessed, so that a broad pavement, planted with trees, is directly under its eaves, and here the politicians and lawyers hob-nob now. It is but two stories high, and of nine windows' breadth in the second-story; between the stories are ferrules of marble, and marble pieces conforming to the windows above and below, which give dignity to the stories and break the monotony of the red bricks. There is but one front door, approached by a low flight of stone steps, and giving access to a broad, flagged hall, on the left of which is the Chamber of Independence, and on the right a court-room still used; the hall derives loftiness and light from the stairway and gallery at the end of it, leading to the second story and the steeple, and under this stairway is a door like that in front, opening out into what is called Independence Square. From near this doorstep the paper of independence was read to the Philadelphians by John Nixon, on the 8th of July, they standing or squatting in the green square, while he mounted the platform of an observatory used sometime before by David Rittenhouse, the astronomer, to observe the transit of Venus. After the reading, the King's arms, over the heads of the Judges in the court-room, were torn down and burned in the street [illegible] the "Conservatives," like Lord Brougham, "deeply meditated these things." Next evening, the 9th, it was read to Washington's army in New York, at the head of each brigade separately, and immediately the boys and the ancestors of Commodore Vanderbilt pulled down the leaden statue of George III. on Bowling Green, and broke it to pieces. On the 17th of July Colonel Crafts read it at Faneuil Hall, Boston. There was some unavoidable delay about reading it at Chicago, Duluth, Puget Sound, and Sitka.

HOW THE HALL LOOKS NOW.

The pavement before the State House is ornamented with a new statue of Washington, by Bailly, a Philadelphian, the gift of the public school children; a touching bit of veneration. The statue is elaborately wrought, and represents a graceful young beau, such as George might have been on his wedding-day. It is an ornament, if not a portrait, and, except a William Penn in a hospital yard, and a Franklin in a library niche, is the only public statue out of doors in Philadelphia. The State House, itself, is a pleasing edifice, not altogether Quakerly, and bearing comparison with the State Houses at Annapolis and Boston, the former a good instance of the brick-masonry and house-carpentery of the eighteenth century. It is equaled only by several private mansions and town houses which remain over to us from colonial times, particularly in the colonies of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, and eminently in Philadelphia. The wings of the State House are modern, and the steeple is now the chief fire alarm in the city, being hung with a pair of great bells, while all the functions of the city and county governments are performed under their chime in the square of the State House. Only Independence Hall stands without a living function, except when eminent dead ones—like John Quincy Adams and Abraham Lincoln—are placed there to be gazed upon, and it is every day the resort of hundreds from all parts of the world. Formerly this room was the assembly chamber of the Province of Pennsylvania; over it met the Provincial Senate.

Independence Hall is a sizeable room, fifty or sixty feet square, hung round with many prints and oil pictures, the majority of which are Peale's portraits of signers and revolutionary people, saved from the wreck of his old museum, which used to be kept over the hall. A statue of Washington in wood by Rush, a pioneer sculptor, and large portraits of William Penn and of Lafayette by Inman and Sully respectively, occupy the side where Hancock sat as President, and Charles Thompson beneath him as Secretary of Congress, the leather-covered arm chairs of these two being here in good preservation, as well as the little old mahogany table with side drawers, on which several, perhaps all the signers, wrote their autographs to the bond. Several very poor pictures of recent notabilities are scattered amongst the grandsires; some more interesting old prints, newspaper clippings, and diagrams are shown in the corners, and the good, clear light, falling in at the windows, shows the cracked bell of independence set upon a wooden pedestal, with the acids and complaints of age.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

What is it? To the man without sentiment, four parts copper and one part tin, the fusion of certain ores from Cornwall which had formerly passed through the guise of stewpans, old hoops, and half-pence, hung on the necks of straying cows, and done other low service. To the man reverent, it was the tongue of the most courageous and signal expression ever sent to our race through a form which for 1500 years had been sanctified to the purposes of Christian proclamation. The poet Schiller, who was to embody in verse the epic of "The Bell," was not born when this bell was hung up in Philadelphia; he was a lad of 17 when it hammered out its great message. As a mere bell, it is exceeded in weight thirteen times by the Cathedral bell of Montreal, which is the largest in North America, and 100 times by the "Monarch of Moscow," which is the largest in the world. It weighs little above a ton. It has nothing of the antiquity of many bells, and its duties were more portentous than terrible. It wanted the music of the carillon of Bruges, and even in Philadelphia it was not the sweetest bell of its period, yielding in both art and volume to the chimes of Christ Church, which have been ringing hosannas since the year 1755, and which weigh together 8,000 pounds. Even as the congratulator and pronouncer of the Declaration, it was a mere instrument; but the sound of a bell on great occasions has little to [illegible] significance. It is the thought put into connection with the crowd; the [illegible] of the daring few made the [illegible] of all. And it is well to remember that in 1776, the multitude were more ready for independence than the very signers of the paper; for, while Congress was haggling about the matter in the doorway and [illegible] the Committee of the Whole, the streets were full of anxious people, saying: "They will never do it!" [illegible] also, said the old bell-ringer in the State House steeple, who had posted a boy on the stairs below to cry out the announcement of the act, and, as period after period of deliberation went by, he muttered, "They will never do it!"

At last, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon—the day was Thursday—as the bell-man sat quite disconsolate in his tower, a thin, boyish voice skipped along the darkness of the stairway:

"Ring! ring! ring!"

The old man awoke from his reverie, and, seizing the iron clapper, he hauled it against the rim of the bell.

The stroke smote the air in half like the act of division which it expressed, and then the sound took round and regular waves of undulation and descended to the streets of the city. The old man's nervous arm clave the circles of sound again and again; but before many blows had been delivered the index bell of the waiting democracy below returned the clangor of the metal with the roar of congratulation.

The man eating oysters at the old State House Inn across the way, that little, crooked, rough-dashed inn, paled round with oyster shells and flanked with stables and hitching posts—stopped short and ordered his toddy to be refilled. The lolling guest at the London Coffee-House started at the summons for the State House square. The taverns of the Crooked Billet, the Pewter Platter, and the Cross Keys were noisy with treating intruders. The remaining trees of the primeval forest, tall, clumped black walnuts, some groves of which still grew close to the State House as in the days of Swedes and Lenni Lenape, and the last of which fell in 1818, at the age of one hundred and forty-six, those witnesses of all that God had wrought in Philadelphia since Sven Schute farmed it as Southwark or Penn bargained for it as Kensington,—in all seven score years,—dropped their leaves to the keen aim of riflemen saluting the occasion. But all the churches were dumb; for the clergy had their doubts, not to name their stipends. St. Peter did not think the bell of Independence properly sprinkled, and mute in their belfry scarce trembled the chimes of old Christ. The Quakers, at their great meeting on Third street, were already in favor of peace at any price, as the price were profitable to themselves, and the new Methodist Chapel of St. George's regretted that the war had interfered with the preaching of Captain Webb and stopped the late spreading revival. Only the world, strong in youth and possessions in this world, threw up their hats, familiar already with [illegible] and its terrors; for at that moment the Potter's Field, only one city block from the State House steeple, was full of the dead bodies of soldiers buried four deep from the Pennsylvania hospital, and the news was fresh in town of the defeat of the American army in Canada. Many of the scrupulous remembered that it was one Tom Paine, an adventurer, who had precipitated this declaration by his pamphlet of "Common Sense," incited thereto by that man of mischief, Benjamin Rush. Yet still the old man in the steeple struck the notes of independence with his right arm, while the boy on the stairway, the first merrymaker on this future immortal holiday, rejoiced in the completion of his task, and ran to swell the tumult of his playmates in the State House yard.

Time ever with great events; the righteous wag their heads; the timid and cautious tremble and flutter like swallows and pigeons shaken from the belfry by the thunder of its ringing. But what has ever undulated so sweetly and so far to the races of men since the singing of the morning stars, as the tones of this old broken bell, swung by the strong hand of the watchman in the State House steeple of Philadelphia?

SLAVERY IN PHILADELPHIA.

Perfect consistency there was not at the period of independence, although this was not a declaration of freedom, except in the warm diction of Jefferson, who infused the act with his comprehensive advocacy of democracy, and so broadened the charter. Had Franklin written it, we might have had an economical argument aimed at the level of the trading mind. The Adamses would have had it smack of a solemn duty, forced upon a pious age. Some of the big Virginians would have toned it up with didactic references to English precedents and the necessity of keeping up the dignity of Commonwealths and magistrates. But Jefferson did his best, perhaps insensibly, to make his composition the starting point of an era as well as a State. Had there been his pressure from the rear, the people, and had the time permitted of close scrutiny, this document would have been recommitted and pooh-poohed, as too young and gushing, and out of harmony with the facts. But it is the best evidence of the ardor of those men, intensified, perhaps, by a time of war, that they accepted this paper, proper practical legislators as well as they were, and so the poet crept into the corner-stone of the new State. That Declaration was better than its era.

The Pennsylvania Evening Post, published at Philadelphia, Saturday, July 6, 1776, contains the Declaration, which covers a page and a half. The same paper contains special correspondence from Camp Sorrel, Canada, dated June 12, giving an account of American calamities. Close beneath these historic items is this:

"Whereas, the wife of Joseph Cartwright having eloped from him at sundry times, he requests all persons not to trust her, as he will not pay any debts she may contract.
"July 6, 1776."

Close underneath is the following:

"July 3. $2 reward. Ran away, a negro named Ishmael. Masters of vessels are forbid to carry him out of the harbor or province at their peril. Persons who may apprehend him are enjoined to deal severely with him," &c., &c.

Here is another advertisement from a succeeding number of Franklin's old paper, the Gazette:

"PHILADELPHIA, July 11, 1776.
"TWO DOLLARS REWARD.
"Ran away from the subscriber the 10th of May last, a negro wench named Violet, about 27 years of age. She is pretty, lusty and fat. Lodge her in jail," &c., &c.

So Independence took priority of Freedom, even under the shadow of the hall where it was proclaimed.

THE REAL POINTS ABOUT THE SIGNERS.

The signers of the Declaration were very unequal men in intellect and character. Some of them were merely farmers like John Hart, Abraham Clark, and John Morton; several were physicians like Josiah Bartlett, Matthew Thornton, Benjamin Rush, and Lyman Hall; some had been preachers like Robert Treat Paine and John Witherspoon; two or three started as mechanics; but, on the whole, the lawyers were the propelling members, for the great landholders were nothing but merchants, in fact.

Take these as some very differing examples of the signers:

Richard Stockton, the grandson of an English nobleman, who had taken up 6,400 acres in New Jersey, between Princeton and Kingston; Richard was sent to West Nottingham, in Maryland, to be educated, and he had been personally presented to the King of England, at St. James', ten years before writing his name to this paper.

Button Gwinnett, of Georgia, born in England forty years previously, a lukewarm patriot, who was killed in a duel with General McIntosh, whom he challenged less than one year after affixing his name to the Declaration—altogether, it seems, a fire-eating politician of the Preston Brooks stamp.

Roger Sherman, who had worked at the shoe-bench as a cobbler till 20 years of age.

Franklin, now aged 71, who was within three months to undertake that sea voyage which was to be crowned with French recognition: a printer-boy married to a grass-widow, who should move a King to recognize his country.

George Wythe, of Virginia, who was afterwards poisoned, by his grasping relative, to obtain his property—slave and otherwise.

Francis Hopkinson, author of the modern political application of the word "whitewashing,"—inclined to be smutty.

John Hancock, whose birthplace at Quincy is now owned by Charles Francis Adams, and whose father and grandfather were clergymen. He had been present at the coronation of George III., and derived from an uncle the largest fortune in Massachusetts. He lent the Boston "set" to his jib, and our sculptor Stone chiselled him mercilessly at a later day.

William Floyd, who lived till 1820, or to the age of 87.

George Walton, of Georgia, a carpenter's apprentice, accused of forgery afterward for political ends, and the case looked to be pretty well established.

Benjamin Rush, great-grandson of one of Cromwell's cavalry Captains, partly educated, like Stockton, at Nottingham, Maryland, instigator of Paine's "Common Sense," and the great physician of his time.

Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina, drowned en route to Europe, during the revolutionary war, with his wife.

William Whipple, of Maine, who had been a boy before the mast and a slave-trader; according to Sanderson, "engaged in this infamous traffic, and he imported slaves from Africa into this country."

John Witherspoon, of New Jersey, Scotch born and a lineal descendant of John Knox.

Robert Morris, born in Essex, England, and first landed in America at his father's settlement of Oxford, eastern shore of Maryland, the great financier of the revolution, one of the richest merchants in the new States, and he suffered many subsequent years of imprisonment for debt.

Charles Carroll, who survived Jefferson and Adams—both of whom died July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration they prepared—more than six years. Perhaps the most elegant and tranquil life lived by any signer, but not a strong man.

Samuel Chase, of the eastern shore of Maryland, afterward impeached, Aaron Burr presiding at the trial, a clergyman's son.

William Ellery, of Rhode Island, who died in a chair, reading Cicero in the year 1820.

Thos. McKean, a continuous member from 1774 to 1783, comprising the whole period of the war for independence, and the only member so distinguished.

Every one of the South Carolina signers had been educated in England; half of all the signers had been in England; the ablest delegation was, perhaps, from Virginia, the weakest from New York; Delaware and Rhode Island were very ill represented. The signatures indicate men who were in the habit of writing, but none of them signed it on the fourth day of July; on that day it was ordered to be engrossed on parchment, but many signatures are there of men who were not in Congress till many months after. Only three out of nine Pennsylvanians were present to vote on the motion of independence. But these are small matters; people doing historical acts do not arrange themselves in tableaux—the only exception being the managers of the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson; all of whom sat for their photographs as soon as they were elected.

The original parchment Declaration of Independence, containing all the autographs, is kept in the Library of Congress at Washington City. It was badly mutilated by a quick teacher of penmanship in the year 1818, who borrowed it to take a copy for publication, and the bad ink with which he ruined the temper of his pupils also nearly obliterated several of the signatures he transferred.

CAESAR RODNEY'S RIDE.

The solitary episode of a dramatic or pictorial character attending the passage of the Declaration of Independence, was the ride of Caesar Rodney from Dover to Philadelphia in order to be present and give his vote on the Fourth day of July. This ride seems to me to be as fine for commemoration as Paul Revere's Ride, or Sheridan's Ride, or any of the horseback trots which the poets have made rhyme to; I am familiar with the ground to be passed over, though not with the precise incidents of the gallop, if the tradition of these yet exists; but as Rodney has plenty of collateral descendants still living, this note may serve to call up the tardy literary resources of their commonwealth and enable us to know the facts.

There were three delegates in the Congress of 1776 from the "Territory" of Delaware, of whom Caesar Rodney was the elder, then aged 46. He had been a member of the Stamp Act Congress, was a man of ardent character and patriotism and soldierly talents, and had been in active politics for many years. John Adams described him to be "the oddest looking man in the world, tall, thin, slender as a reed, and pale; his face not bigger than a large apple, yet with sense and fire, spirit, wit, and humor in his countenance."

George Read and Thomas McKean, the two other delegates from Delaware, were of the same age, and they had been schoolmates. Read was a cool, reflective, almost austere man, who relied upon his judgment for direction, and was constantly a respectable second-rate lawyer. He was the grandfather of our present Consul General at Paris, France. He did not approve of an open separation from Great Britain, although he had taken a dignified and decided stand against her aggressions. McKean, who was the son of an Irish Presbyterian, like Read, was a more positive and cold but more full of zeal, courage, and "snap," and he afterward became President of Congress and Governor of Pennsylvania. He voted on the 1st day of July, in Committee of the Whole, in Independence Hall, for absolute and separate American nationality, while George Read voted against it. No States except Delaware and Pennsylvania cast their votes against the great measure, the latter State unanimously, but McKean resolved to put Delaware right upon the record by bringing up Caesar Rodney to be ready with his vote when the question should be put on Thursday following; and to obtain this majority, it was necessary to send a courier into the lower counties of Delaware to find and fetch Rodney, who was meantime engaged in suppressing the Peninsular tories, always very turbulent and mutinous and who had just risen against the Whigs.

McKean paid out of his own pocket the expenses of the Courier, who left Philadelphia Monday evening, and after a ride of thirty miles, put up at Wilmington that night. On Tuesday he was in the saddle again; he baited and rested on Tuesday afternoon at Cantwell's bridge, and arrived late Tuesday night at Rodney's quarters where he delivered McKean's letter.

The fiery Rodney perused this letter and it awakened all his pride of neighborhood. He had just returned from Lewes and the refractory parts of Sussex, and with his slender vital resources he needed rest. But soon after Tuesday midnight he was on the way to the North, booted and spurred, and followed by only one attendant. About ninety miles, as the broken and meandering stage-road ran, lay between him and the city of the declaration.

He forded the branches of Little Duck Creek, full of spotted ducks and croaking frogs, before daylight, and plunged into the wide scrub forest which reaches from near what is now Leipsic to near Blackbird, in Newcastle County. He swam Duck Creek, destitute of a bridge and often wide enough for a ferry, in the time of dawn, and found a breakfast generous as the hard times could afford at Cantwell's.

Resting here till the afternoon, he mounted anew and passed the dwelling of Doctor and Major Tom. Macdonough, the father of the future Commodore Macdonough, the winner of the battle of Lake Champlain, who was not to be born for yet seven years, and here he entered upon the rolling, loamy hills of St. George's Hundred, through which was to pass the future Delaware and Chesapeake Canal. Riding slowly through the deep marshes of St. George's Creek, he watered his horse at the Red Lion Tavern, and supped at Newcastle, the oldest and the chief town of Delaware, and the home of George Read. Ten miles after dark brought him to Wilmington, on the Brandywine, and there he went to bed as wearied a man as ever rode a disinterested journey in the interests of his neighbors and a sentiment. A skeleton to look upon, living upon his mental rather than his vital resources at the best of times, Caesar Rodney retired to bed within thirty-five miles of Philadelphia; six deep streams intervening, and Congress was to meet early on the Fourth of July.

Before the earliest and most restless cock could crow, Rodney was in the saddle again; worn and muddy, and pulling at his vial of West India rum at intervals, he forded Naaman's Creek and saw the sun stand broadly above the Delaware at the town of Chester. Then, riding toward the north, he crossed Ridley, Crum, and Darby Creeks, the country all alive with excitement over the probable action of Congress that day to be recorded, and near noon he passed the river Schuylkill.

The city was all waiting, little aware of the person and perseverance of that thin, splattered, dusty man whose horse picked its way on the cobble-stones ready almost to fall in his tracks. Rodney feared every instant that the bell in the State House belfry would ring the news of independence and Delaware alone stand hanging in the scale against it.

He stopped at the State House front. The delegates were fast speeding into the hall, and there waited Judge McKean, with a quiet smile of welcome overspreading his strong visage and beaked nose. Rodney, booted and spurred, leaped down from the saddle and shook his friend's hand. Not a word upon the tremendous matter of the day passed between them as they walked together into Independence Hall. In a few moments the tired man was upon his feet, and in the name of the territory of Delaware for a new nation to be entitled the United States of America.

It would be a libel to say that there are not plenty of men in this time of the world who would not ride ninety miles to do a less errand than Caesar Rodney's. But he was one of the men of that time, and it is his and their work that we celebrate every fourth day of July. GATH.

Premature Burials.

Dr. Alexander Wilder, in a valuable paper published in a recent issue of the Eclectic Magazine, contributes a considerable amount of valuable data upon the horribly fascinating subject of premature burials.

We remember, he observes, the vivid terror produced, while yet in our boyhood, when an elder sister read a story entitled "Buried Alive." The person had fallen into a cataleptic condition, becoming cold and rigid while yet conscious and was duly coffined and buried. He was exhumed by "resurrectionists," carried to a medical college, and placed on the table of the demonstrator of anatomy; a few shocks of the galvanic battery partially aroused him, and on the wounding of his breast by a knife, he gave signs of life, and by proper treatment was fully resuscitated.

Ten or twelve years afterward, a relative, where we were visiting, told us of having been present when the body of her son-in-law was made ready for the coffin, and, perceiving, as she imagined, a warm spot on the left breast, a daughter who was sitting by when this was told, cried out with horror, "Do not tell any more about it; the idea is too dreadful to think of." But we did think over and over again of the horror of interring a living person. It was hardly probable, in the case in question, that such a thing did occur, for the body remained unburied long enough to allow a return to consciousness.

But in this country the peril of interment, before death has actually taken place, is very often great. For years past it has been very common for persons in supposed health to fall down suddenly, with every appearance of having died. We do not regard sudden death with horror, as it is often painless, and exempts the person from the anxiety and other unpleasant experiences which so often accompany a lingering dissolution. But there is a fearful liability of being prostrated by catalepsy, which is death's fearful counterfeit, under such circumstances that the persons having the body in charge will not hesitate about a prompt burial. We could wish that the old Oriental practice of cremation was in fashion among us? There would at least be the comfortable reflection of no suffocation in the coffin; besides, the application of fire would generally arouse the cataleptic person to a manifestation of life.

Some two years ago, a man in a low state of health was compelled to take shelter in a deserted house in Illinois, where he fell asleep. He was found in a cataleptic trance, and supposed to have died. In this condition he was removed and prepared for burial, conscious all the time of what was going on, but unable to utter a sound, or make a sign of life. His condition was fortunately discovered before it was too late. The story may be a fiction, but it did not read like one. We have several times repeated the story, although it is serious for a joke, except when regarded entirely on the ludicrous side, of a woman who, while being borne to the place of interment, was aroused to consciousness by the jostling of her coffin against the wall of a house, as the bearers clumsily turned the corner. She was speedily released from her cerements, and conveyed home, where she lived several years longer. She fell into a decline and died; the funeral again took place, and the procession set out for the grave. As it drew near the house at the corner, the husband wiped his eyes hastily, and cried out to the bearers, "Be careful as you turn the corner."

It is, however, no topic for a jest when we consider the matter from the proper point. Persons are buried alive, and have a terrible period of agony in the coffin before death comes to their relief.

We execrate the old Roman law which authorized the magistrates to bury alive their incontinent vestal virgins. The Thracians, after the practice of India, buried widows. Amestris, or Esther, Queen of Xerxes and Persia, caused fourteen living children to be interred; and, till lately, Hindoo widows were buried or burned alive at Suttees. But we, in our reckless carelessness, do as bad as they. A writer in the nineteenth century informs us that at the public mortuary of Paris about one in every 300 persons supposed to be dead actually comes again to life. At that rate 160 persons must be buried alive annually belonging to the city of New York; and here, too, no [illegible] of the precautions are taken that are required in France and England.

A well authenticated case is on record of a strong man dropping away suddenly, whose grave or tomb was opened four days afterward, and the body found twisted around in the coffin, and a hip dislocated, the hair turned white and torn out, and the features distorted in a horrible manner. Fearful was the struggle of that man in his ghastly conflict for life with every odds against him.

A young woman, also, beautiful in person and intellect, was buried in the usual hurry some ten years ago. The body was afterward taken up for removal to a distant cemetery. She, too, had been engaged, and in her coffin, in a terrible struggle for life. Her face was gashed, her hands and arms frightfully torn, her feet drawn up in a wild endeavor to extricate herself from the horrible prison, her face was furrowed and lacerated by the finger nails, so desperate had been that struggle.

A young man, in another city, was thus buried, and his grave opened six days afterwards. The body had turned upon the face, the arm was bitten to the bone, and there were other evidences of the death wrestling.

We remember that the story was told, several years ago, that Lorenzo H. Shepard, a prominent lawyer of the city of New York, who died apparently in the full vigor of life, actually recovered after interment, and that the cloths about his face were found to be saturated with his blood. We know nothing of the accuracy of the story. Bodies have been removed from old to new burying grounds, several of them having turned over in the coffins. Perhaps this phenomenon is produced by the mechanical force of the gases which are generated by decomposition. But who knows? We have [illegible] subject, and not without much anxiety, there is actually little protection for any of us from this terrible peril. We exhaust our energies by overwork, excitement, too much stimulus of the brain, the use of tobacco, sedatives, and anaesthetics, and by habits and practices which hasten the three sisters in the spinning of the fatal thread. Apoplexy, palsy, epilepsy, are likely to prostrate us at any moment; and catalepsy, perhaps, is not far from any of us.

This last affection is characterized by a loss more or less complete of consciousness, with a peculiar rigidity of the muscles causing the body and each part of it to retain the position in which it may have been at the time of the attack, or in which it may afterwards be placed. It may attack both sides of the body, or one side only, by a single limb or organ. Sometimes it is preceded by signs of previous disorder, and at other times it occurs without any previous warning symptoms. Any stray emotions, any unusual or protracted intellectual exertion, great physical exhaustion, unsatiated sexual desire or excessive indulgence, the retrocession of a cutaneous eruption—in short, anything that debilitates the system will produce this singular attack. Of course, as with most disorders, it is occasioned in males by disorder of the digestive system, and in females with disease of the womb. Caution should therefore be observed, and surfeiting, undue exposure to extreme heat or cold, overtaxing the brain, excessive bathing, mental excitement, sexual aberrations, the use of tobacco or anaesthetics, unwholesome postures in bed, etc., should be carefully avoided. When a peculiar feeling of stupor is perceived, the limbs "fall asleep" without apparent cause, or there is an uneasiness and rigidity of the muscles, with vertigo, lassitude, debility, and caprice of the mind; a susceptible person should be on the alert, for there may be no time to waste. These are incipient symptoms of an attack.

The signs of total extinction of life are not so unequivocal as many suppose. Cessation of respiration and circulation cannot afford positive evidence, for the external senses are not sufficiently acute to enable us to detect either respiration or the circulation in the smallest degree compatible with mere existence. Loss of heat is not conclusive, for life may continue and recovery take place when no perceptible vital warmth exists. It is customary in some places to cut or amputate the finger, relying on the flow or non-flowing of the blood to reveal the actual fact. Perhaps vesication would be equally sure. Heat or an irritating substance could be applied to the skin—the occurring of a blister is evidence of vitality. Foubert proposed to cut into one of the intercostal spaces and feel the heart with the finger. Holding the fingers before a light is said to be sure—a redness being apparent in the living subject, but none in the case of death. Galvanism has been supposed to furnish a certain test. Irritability is extinguished first in the ventricle, then in the oesophagus, and after that in the iris. The muscles of the trunk finally give way, the extremities and the auricles. The collapsed edge of a wound in a dead body in distinction from a gaping wound in a living one is the result of a peculiar indication of death. Flaccidity is a certain sign of death, putrefaction is unequivocal. Belladonna or the Calabar bean applied to the eye, it is said, will sensibly affect the eye if the person is living. The number of persons who have revived at the last moment, as they were about to be consigned to the coffin, is fearfully great. The number known to have been actually buried alive is already sufficient to justify extraordinary precautions in every case. Bakler collected the details of fifty-three who recovered without assistance after they were laid in their coffins, and of seventy-two falsely reported as dead. Legislation ought to be interposed in the matter. The law should require the examination of the body by a medical man or expert before its interment. When a physician has been employed he should be obliged to certify to actual death, unless the unequivocal evidence of dissolution had already appeared. Undertakers and others having charge of funerals should be compelled to ascertain that death has occurred before coffining the remains. The idea of suffocation in the coffin is more terrible than that of torture on the rack or burning at the stake. Carelessness cannot be innocence; even ignorance in such a matter is akin to crime. A mockery is our sorrowing; our tears are little better than hypocrisy when we neglect precautions against this terrible fate to which every one of us is thus liable.

Chinese Idioms.

It is curious to note the curious ways in which the Chinese, having only nouns and verbs, and a few participles with which to glue them together, manage to construct all those ten parts of speech treated of by terrible old Lindley Murray. In the first place, beside the original stock of nouns proper, there are others formed of verbs. "Indigestion," for instance, (to translate literally, which I shall do whenever possible), is "The not-can-dissolve." The verb bing means "to walk, to do"; wei, nearly the same; hence bing wei means "actions." A noun may be formed of a verb and noun, as "duck-keeper," which is in Chinese "one peep-duck-man"; "barber," which is "slave head teacher." There are innumerable compound nouns, for the Chinese is even more prolific in this respect than the Greek. "Much-ness-fewness" is "quantity," "not-greatness-not-smallness" is "average." There are a great many awkward combinations of nouns used in default of adjectives, as "thanx thank" for "many thanks," "brother brother" for "oldest brother," "day-head" for "sun." The Chinaman has nearly a score of little words which may be called classifiers, which he attaches to certain nouns to make them more specific, but which we can seldom translate. We say "a piece of land," like the Chinese, but we consider it unnecessary to say, as they continually do, "one piece house, one piece man," etc. They use these classifiers because in Chinese one noun is [illegible]. And they are not content by designating the singular by "one," but often employ, instead of the simple phrase "a pig," an expression so roundabout as this: "One piece pig-son." Of pronouns the Chinese has, if anything, an excess. They are required by the Oriental servility and punctiliousness of address. Thus, while we have no resource but to thee and thou an inferior person, and the editorial and royal "we," the Chinaman has an almost unlimited range of pronouns adapted to every possible grade of social rank. With a single pronoun he can address another as "Your highness," or "Your nastiness," do it with perfect politeness, and yet without the least danger of being misunderstood. [illegible] we have to resort to direct and vulgar abuse, profane cursing and swearing and ugly epithets, to make a man understand how we rate him. As the Chinese verbs have neither moods nor tenses, the people have to employ many cumbrous circumlocutions. Thus, the Chinaman says: "I finish walk," or "I pass over walk," for "I walked." This cumbersome expression is used, "I see pass finish him" for "I have seen him." A relative or participle clause is found in this manner: "The-I-see-pass-finish-man," for "the man whom I saw." Verbs may also be employed in composition for adverbs, as "fine-day," for "yesterday." Nouns may also be used for adverbs, as "They fight day day in China," for "They are always fighting in China"; "This way much," for "So much." The absolute inseparableness of rice from the Chinaman's existence is shown in several phrases. "To cook" is, literally, "to make rice," and "to dine" is to "eat rice." The inexactness, diffusiveness, and Oriental tendency to poetical and tropical statement are everywhere woven into the very warp of the language. This is indicated, among other things, by the fact that every noun in itself is plural, and includes all there is in the world of that sort of thing, unless it is limited by "one," or "one piece," or something of that kind. For the phrase "to collect customs," there is no more precise and business-like expression than "to reap water," while "to smuggle" is "to jump water," or "to jump into water." "Literary works" is "word children"; "murderer" is "red hand"; "the whole world" is "the nine islands," or "the four seas"; "the government" is "the six rooms." Upon the accession of a new Emperor, the Chinamen do not content themselves with shouting "long live the Emperor!" but they wish that he "may live ten thousand years, ten thousand years, ten thousand times ten thousand years!" A common present to a popular officer on his retirement is an umbrella, which is given to him from "ten thousand of the people." Confucius is styled "the teacher of ten thousand ages." A "spirit park" is quite a mundane affair, although when set out with their consummate art of landscape gardening, it is something more than any American pleasure-ground. The extreme contempt of the Chinese toward women appears in many expressions. We have the phrase "wife and children," but they reverse the order, or more frequently say "family and wife." In fact, the children are everything and the wife nothing, according to that saying of Mencius, "There are three things which are unfilial, and to have no posterity is the greatest of them." "Subjection" is expressed by the characters for "woman" and "claw"; "scolding" by "two women"; "anger" by "woman" and "sour wine," etc. It seems to be taken for granted, in accordance with that saying of Mencius, that every man is married, for I find no word for "bachelor," and an "old man" is an "old family man."—*Correspondence of Cincinnati Commercial.*

An Eccentric Translation of the Psalms.

"Burleigh" writes to the Boston Journal: We bid fair to have as many translations of the Bible as we have different compilations of hymns. Besides the organizations formed for the purpose of translating the Bible, private individuals are trying their hands at the work of mending King James. A distinguished, but eccentric, Doctor of Divinity is said to employ his leisure on a free translation. I was in a religious meeting last week where specimens of this new work were exhibited and read. I send you the translation of the 23d Psalm:

"Deity is my pastor, I shall not be indigent.

"He causeth me to recumb on verdant lawns. He conducteth me beside the unrippled liquids.

"He reinstateth my spirit; he conducteth me in the avenue of rectitude for the celebrity of his appellation.

"Unquestionably, though I perambulate the glen of the sepulchral dormitories, I shall not be perturbed by appalling catastrophes; thy crook and thy wand [illegible].

"Thou preparest a refection for me in the midst of [illegible]; thou perfumest my locks with odoriferous unguents; my chalice exuberates.

"Unquestionably benignity and commiseration shall [illegible], and I will eternalize my habitation in the Metropolis of Nature."

How to Cure Stammering.

Late A. Taylor, editor of the La Crosse (Wis.) Leader, who has been an inveterate stammerer, writes as follows about the way to cure the habit: "No stammering person ever found any difficulty in singing. The reason of this is, that by observing the measure of the music—by keeping time—the organs of speech are kept in such position that enunciation is easy. Apply the same rule to reading or speech, and the same result will follow. Let the stammerer take a sentence, say this one—'Leander swam the Hellespont'—and pronounce it by syllables, scan it, keeping time with his finger if necessary, letting each syllable occupy the same time, thus, Le—an—der—swam—the—Hel—les—pont, and he will not stammer. Let him pronounce slowly at first, then faster, but still keeping the time; keeping time with words instead of syllables, and he will be surprised to find that, by very little practice, he will read without stammering, and nearly as rapidly as persons ordinarily talk or read. Then practice this in reading and conversation until the habit is broken up. Perseverance and attention is all that is necessary to perform a perfect cure."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A London jeweller has been five years at work upon a watch, and it will be worth $10,000 when finished.

—The heart of the Archbishop who was shot in 1848 is still exhibited in Notre Dame, the bullet still fixed in the vertebra.

—At a recent English wedding the bride's pet terrier got into the church, and upon the administration of the post-ceremonial kiss went for the bridegroom in a remarkably demonstrative manner.

—The associated German railways have resolved to present Prince Bismark as a token of gratitude a private railway carriage for his special use, luxuriously fitted with all comforts. The carriage is adapted for use on all German railway lines.

—The Earl of Kingston died on the 21st ult. at the early age of 30 years. There has been of late a singularly rapid mortality in the holders of the peerage of Kingston, Robert, the fourth earl, having died in 1867; James, the fifth earl, in September, 1869; and Robert, sixth earl, the father of the peer now deceased, in the October of the same year.

—The French gentry are adopting the plan of inviting guests by series to their chateaux. Each invitation note forms the exact length of time the guest is expected to stay, as well as the day he is to come.

—A French paper tells a story of Victor Hugo to illustrate his "severe economie." When his son Charles Hugo died, the poet went to the telegraph office to send a despatch announcing the fact to his other son Francois Victor Hugo. After he had written the dispatch he counted the words to see that he had not exceeded the twenty allowed for a single rate, and, finding that he had overrun the limit, rewrote the dispatch.

—Varlin, who was Minister of Finance of the Paris Commune, was one of those who died with the greatest courage. But as a singular phenomenon, it is related that his hair, which had been raven black, turned white in the short interval between his capture and his execution.

—Medical science in the Northwestern province of India has met with no slight foe in the superstition of the natives, who object to official vaccination, for a curious reason. They believe that a native child is to be born whose destiny it will be to drive the English out of India, and then to conquer the world. This child is to be distinguished from other children by having milk instead of blood in his veins. The natives believe that by vaccination the English are seeking to discover the wonderful infant, so as to imprison or kill him.

—The Abyssinian war yielded a large quantity of spoils to the British army engaged in that eventful expedition. In June, 1868, the regalia of the Abyssinian "Abuna," and a gold chalice, captured at Magdala, were offered for sale at the British Museum by the Colonels of the regiments that had captured them. The price asked was $10,000; and, although the Colonels wrote frequent letters explaining the interest attached to these trophies, the British Museum hesitated about securing the articles which had been deposited with the Trustees. After nearly three years' correspondence, the question is still unsettled, and it is complained that any business house would have arranged the matter in five minutes.

—Her Imperial and Serene Highness, Donna Isabel, Princess Imperial, and Regent of Brazil during the absence of its Emperor, is a most remarkable and lovable young lady. Her age is not stated, but she must be quite youthful, and, by analogy, intelligent and cultured. But how, were it otherwise, would the Empire be left in the charge of such tender hands? During the ceremony of installation, which was witnessed by many dignitaries and lords of a high degree, Her Highness betrayed no embarrassment whatever, but deported herself with great dignity and lady-like composure. She repeated the oath of regency in a clear, firm voice, and received the subsequent congratulations with graceful ease. She was attired in a white satin dress, [illegible] green satin, looped up with yellow silken cords with small tassels, the two last named colors being emblematic of the national flag. Her dress was, of course, short-sleeved, but not very low-necked, and she wore a few diamond ornaments.

—The Journal de Liege states that during the late war a wine grower in the neighborhood of Senlis, France, had three casks of wine he was particularly anxious to save from falling into the hands of the Prussians; but, as he was well aware of their peculiar adroitness in ransacking cellars and discovering hidden treasures, he hit upon the following expedient: Having had occasion to notice the pious respect invariably paid by the German soldiery to the graves of their fallen comrades, he buried his three casks of wine by night in a neighboring field to imitate a grave, and the next day erected on the spot a large black wooden cross, on which was painted in white letters the inscription, "Here lie three comrades," in the German language. His ruse succeeded admirably, for, on the approach of more troops, they piously saluted and marched on, while the Frenchman laughed in his sleeve, and chuckled at having outwitted the enemy.

—One of the Secretaries of the "Free Sunday Society," whatever that liberal organization may be, has startled the good people of England by asking a magistrate for a summons against Lord Lorne's coachman "for exercising his worldly calling on the Lord's day." What is most amusing in the matter is that the act under which the summons was asked is an act of Charles II., that has slumbered on the statute book for nearly two centuries, and that the merry monarch is thus made to appear in the guise of a friend of Sabbath sanctity.

—Queen Victoria's retreat to Scotland during the summer entails a vast deal of trouble on the government, and some expense. A member of the Cabinet is always obliged to be in attendance on her, and at the height of the Parliamentary season his absence is often most inconvenient to his colleagues; then every evening a "Queen's messenger" is despatched with State papers from London to Balmoral. These journeys, including many miles of posting with horses, mount up to a pretty little sum. The Queen's persistence in going to Scotland in the London season, as well as in the autumn, together with her utter neglect of Ireland, excites a great deal of quiet yet strong indignation.

—An odd complication has arisen at Versailles. The National Assembly of France finds itself in almost open hostility with Chevet, who is well known as the famous restaurateur and purveyor, whose window in the Palais Royal used to be so attractive with its terrapins, ortolans, salmon trout, and Strasbourg pies. Chevet has been in treaty with the "rurals" as to providing them with breakfast and dinner. I cannot learn that the price of the latter repast has been a cause of any ill-feeling between the two parties, but M. Chevet has flatly refused to include in the four francs which he is to charge for our representatives' breakfast either coffee or liquor. This unconstitutional attempt to deprive them of these most necessary accessories to a good meal, without which the business of the country could not be carried on, has excited great indignation, and may, if not speedily settled by the intervention of the Chief of the Executive, lead to very grave results.

—While the identity of the rightful holder of the titles of Tichborne engages the sagacity of one of the highest tribunals of England, and is in a fair way of nonplussing the whole bench and bar of London, another important case of disputed personal identity has arisen in Ireland. Two ladies, living near Dublin, had each a gray parrot with a red tail. Greatly to the relief of the neighbors, no doubt, both ladies lost their precious birds at about the same time. One gray parrot with a red tail was discovered in the neighborhood, and, of course, both of the bereaved spinsters claimed it as her own. Miss Plunkett somehow got possession, but Miss Farelly declared, with the shrillness of desperation, that Poll belonged to her. To prove her claim and enforce her right she brought suit for the recovery of her property. The court was not equal to the task of deciding whether [the bird] produced, which was gray and had a red tail, was the one lost by Plunkett, or that for which Farelly mourned, and so the case was dismissed. It was taken to a higher court with the same result—the tribunal could not decide on the identity of one poor parrot. The bird himself should have been cross-examined. A keen lawyer ought to have been able to ascertain from him which household he had been connected with, though no title or great estate was at stake in this case.

—Mr. Thomas Hughes entertains the notion that the death of Queen Victoria would endanger the existence of the British throne, and a great many people fancy she will be the last of British sovereigns. But then nobody [illegible] Her Majesty shuffles off this mortal coil. A recent writer mentions the rather startling circumstance that, if she lives as long as her grandfather, George III., her reign will extend into the twentieth century; and if she should be as long-lived as were all others of the Hanoverian British sovereigns, she will be on the throne long after the greater part of the present generation has passed away. She has worn the crown for thirty-four years, but she is yet only 52 years of age. Her grandfather departed this life in his 82d year, and in the sixtieth year of his reign—the longest reign in English history; and if she should live and reign for an equal length of time, she will be on the throne in the year 1901. She comes from a long-lived family, as may be seen by the years of the four Georges and William IV. As nobody proposes to break down the throne while she fills it, the question of British royalty must be left to the democracy of the twentieth century—perhaps.

—The extensive estate of Schwartzenbeck, which the Emperor William the First has lately presented to Prince Bismark, in recognition of his services during the recent war with France, and whose name will henceforth figure among the numerous titles of the Chancellor of the German Empire, belonged in times gone by to the Crown of Denmark, and became the property of the King of Prussia when Lauenburg was annexed to his kingdom. By this gift Prince Bismark has probably become the wealthiest landed proprietor in Northern Germany. His estate, which is intersected by various railroads, among them the important line connecting Berlin and Hamburg, is one of the most productive and charming in that part of Germany. While it lies within a few hours' ride of Berlin, Hamburg, Lubeck, and Schwerin, it contains forests stocked with all sorts of game, and its gentle, undulating hills present to the lover of the picturesque attractions such as are rarely to be found in the north of Germany. There are several chateaux on the estate, but Prince Bismark will probably erect a more suitable residence on the heights which rise on the western side of the Berlin and Hamburg railway, and afford a magnificent view of the whole surrounding country.

—Mr. Barry, in his work on Russia in 1870, tells a story of the time when slavery was an institution in that country: A certain ironmaster caused a man who had offended him to be locked up in an iron cage, and kept him confined in it for a length of time. At last, while he was absent on a journey, the case of his wretched prisoner came to the knowledge of the Governor of the province. The Governor caused the man, cage and all, to be brought to the government town, and invited the tyrannical ironmaster to dinner. After the dinner was over, the Governor sent for a quail in a wooden cage, and offered to sell it to his guest for 10,000 roubles. The offer being treated as a joke, the Governor said he had a more valuable bird to sell, and told his servants to bring it in. Folding doors flew open, and the iron cage with its miserable captive was set down before the astonished guest. "Now," said the Governor, "what do you think of that for a quail? But this is a very expensive bird; I want 20,000 roubles for him." "All right," said the alarmed proprietor, "I will buy this one; send him down to my works without the cage, and your messenger shall bring back the amount." The matter was thus pleasantly settled, and the company adjourned in undisturbed harmony to their papirosses and coffee.

—King Louis of Bavaria has, if we are to believe the Munich correspondent of the Neue Zeit, at last determined to marry, though he has not yet fixed upon the Princess whom he will propose to make his Queen. The reason of this determination is, according to the correspondent, the fact that the King's brother, Prince Otto, who is the heir presumptive, will probably die childless, and that the succession would in that case fall upon his cousin, Prince Louis. This Prince, who is married to a Princess of Modena, is a violent Ultramontane, and is suspected of intriguing with the clerical party against the Liberals, whose opinions are shared by the King. Last year Prince Louis openly agitated in the upper house against the Premier, Prince Hohenlohe, with the object of overthrowing his Cabinet and replacing it by an anti-national one, and it is said that he is now in constant communication with the Ultramontanes and the Bourbonists by the aid of his confidential adviser, Count Reuss. All these circumstances, taken together, have, says the correspondent, overcome the King's hitherto insuperable dislike to marriage. His Majesty's choice will fall, he concludes, either on the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia, or, which is more probable, on the eldest daughter of Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia. The chances of his marrying a member of the Austrian dynasty have entirely disappeared since 1866, and an alliance with the royal house of Prussia would have the advantage of greatly strengthening the national party at court. The difference of religion would not be a formidable obstacle to such an alliance, as Protestant marriages are, to a certain extent, traditional in the reigning line of the house of Birkenfeld, which only re-entered the Roman Catholic Church about a hundred years ago.

LITERATURE.

—A complete collection of Petroleum V. Nasby's letters is to be published.

—A new novel by Herr Friedrich Spielhagen, entitled "Allzeit Voran," will shortly be published in the feuilleton of the Vienna Presse.

—A Celtic scholar and publisher, Mr. P. M. Haverty, of New York, is preparing a collection, as nearly complete as may be, of the fairy tales of Ireland.

—Of the twenty thousand dollars required to build the proposed monument to Fitz-Greene Halleck, only sixteen thousand dollars are lacking.

—M. Alexandre Dumas' letter on the present state of things, entitled "Sur les Choses du Jour," will shortly be published in a complete form by MM. Michel Levy Freres.

—The Academy is authorized to contradict the statement made in the Allgemeine Zeitung, that Mr. Thomas Carlyle is engaged in collecting materials for his autobiography.

—The Literary World notes that more of Oliver Optic's books are taken from the Boston Public Library than of any other author's. Strange as it may seem, Hawthorne's books rank second in popularity.

—The Literary World is after the lively Miss Dodge, whose recent assault upon the memory of Charles Dickens, and her heartless disturbance of his remains, suggests to it that she should write her own de profundis Ghost Hamilton.

—A new volume of poems, by Charles Godfrey Leland, in propria persona, and not in the role of Hans Breitman, is to be published in London by the Truebners. Its title is "The Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems."

—Victor Hugo is at work on "The Year of Troubles," a noted German on "The Year of Triumph," and the Rev. Samuel Makes, an Englishman, on "The Year of Vengeance." Curiously enough, [illegible] the late disastrous year in France.

—Here are the names (in English) of only a portion of the new journals started during the rule of the Paris Commune: "The Friend of the People," "The Sovereignty of the People," "The Mother Duchene," "The Pere Duchene," "The Son of Pere Duchene," "The Great Rage of Jacques Bonhomme," "Cain and Abel," "The Red," "The Proletaire," "The Red Flag," "The Political and Social Revolution," "The Commune."

—Harriet Prescott Spofford will soon publish, through Osgood & Co., a volume of "New England Legends," to include Captain Kidd, the Salem Witchcraft, the Burning of the Charlestown Convent, and other stories told in her weird and romantic style. Several of these sketches appeared in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper a year or two ago.

—Kinglake is unspeakably complacent over the ill-fortune of his old enemy the Emperor Napoleon, and has made himself dreaded in every club in London with the intolerable "I told you so." He is working diligently on the concluding volume of his vehement tirade on the Crimean campaign.

—The first of a series of books for girls, edited by Mrs. Mulock-Craik, is published by Harpers, and is called Little Sunshine's Holiday. Mrs. Craik says in her preface: "I have written books for twenty-four years; books which—I say it not in vanity, but in solemn, thankful pride—have been read all over the world, and translated into most European languages. Yet it is less as an author than as a woman and a mother that I rest my claim to edit this series; to choose the sort of books that ought to be written for girls, and sometimes to write them. I was once a girl myself, and I have a little girl of my own. I think both mothers and girls may trust me that I will do my best."

—M. Albert Wolff, was one of the most brilliant writers in Figaro when the late war between France and Germany broke out, has returned to the fold, and been taken again into the bosom of the editor. Albert Wolff, when [illegible] retired to Switzerland, [illegible] he was not only a German, but a native of Berlin. Having something of Henri Heine in his character, he now returns to the capital of his predilection, and in spite of all the misfortunes which have befallen fair Lutetia, he seeks to become a naturalized Frenchman. This transfer of allegiance may appear curious at the present moment, but Albert Wolff, to judge by his writings, is more Parisian than the Parisians, and his native city would be now unbearable to him.

—The "History of Civilization" has undergone a ninth translation—into Russian this time—thus attaching ten tongues to one Buckle, says the New York World.

—George Sand's new novel, "Francia," now appearing as a serial in the Revue des Deux Mondes, brings the distinguished authoress $40 per sheet. As each page of this periodical contains about 500 words, the compensation is at the rate of eight cents a word, and, should the story run to 400 pages, Madame Sand will receive the handsome sum of $16,000.

—A Hartford paper speaks of Burns' famous poem, "The unco quid."

—The Walter Scott centenary celebration is to be opened at Edinburgh on the 15th of July. There has already been gathered there for exhibition the cradle in which the great novelist was rocked, the silver snuff-box used by him, Meg Dod's punch-bowl, the Queen's Body-Guard suit he used to wear, the original MSS. of some of his works, and a large number of portraits of Scott and his family.

—During the last siege of Paris many learned Frenchmen experienced heavy losses through the firing of private houses. M. Bertrand lost the manuscript of the third volume of his great treatise "On the Differential and Integral Calculus." The amount of labor required for writing it a second time is immense. M. Bertrand has calculated many formulas from new methods of his own invention. Many instances of similar misfortunes could be given, but altogether it is astonishing that the amount of mischief done was not even larger. During the whole of the rebellion the Academy, with only one exception, held its meetings regularly. No fact more honorable for the members can be written in the eventful history of the learned society.

—There is much speculation about the new poem on which Robert Browning is at work, and which is to be printed next autumn. The London Athenaeum says that the basis of the poem is a translation of the Alcestis of Euripides. Mr. Browning's comments, his readings between the lines, are placed in the mouth of a girl, who figures from the commencement of the piece, while the transcript from the Greek is introduced toward the middle as a play. Mr. Browning's successes have not been classical, and the treatment of the choruses must present peculiar difficulties to one whose lyric verse often appears to bear the trace of unfulfilled effort, but it remains to be seen what his great force and insight can do with his present theme. It is certain that he will not inflict on the world such hard classicism as Swinburne did, though he is very far removed from the Greek scholarship of Milton, or even that of Shelley. The name assigned to the book is "Balaustion's Adventures," which, as Mr. Lincoln once said, "does not remind us of anything we ever heard."

—We hear that the ex-Emperor Napoleon is keeping himself awake by writing or dictating frequent articles for his London organ, the Situation. He is one of the very ablest writers living, and he composes with equal facility, in English and French. His style is remarkable for its incisiveness, terseness, and vigor; and, though several of the French journalists tried to imitate it, they were never able to acquire his peculiar literary characteristics. When he was Emperor, he frequently wrote articles for the Moniteur, but his favorite organ, in later times, was the Petit Journal, a cheap paper, which had an immense circulation among the working classes of Paris. He not only wrote on political matters, but on social and industrial questions, always taking care to show that the Emperor was the particular friend of the masses, and that his ideas or projects were favorable to their interests. If he should ever find himself hard up, he can easily procure a decent living by writing for the papers.

—The safety of the great national library of France during the mad reign of the Commune is attributed to the discretion and firmness of its subordinate officers. M. Taschereau, the Librarian-in-Chief, quitted his post soon after the insurrection broke out, and retired to Versailles, leaving M. de Laborde in charge. The Commune appointed M. Vincent as head of the library, who, however, left Laborde and other employes in charge, and confined his exertions to embezzling a sum of 10,000f. out of funds entrusted to him from the Communal treasury for library expenses. This discovered, M. Vincent was removed and M. Raclus appointed in his place. He signalized his accession by demanding that all the assistant librarians should give in their adhesion to the Commune. This sixty-five of them refused to do, recognizing the Versailles Government as lawful. A Communal decree at once removed the recusants from office, but they declined to desert the library, came daily to the tables as readers, and kept an eye on the new management. M. Raclus, after a few days' attempt to carry on the library without experts, permitted some of the old assistants to resume their places without adhesion to the Commune Government. Once restored, some of them never left the library by night or by day until the safe restoration of the Versailles Government, and no attempt to burn the noble collection of over one million volumes was made.

—The new California poet, who is making such a sensation in London, Joaquin Miller, at a garden party went clad in a red shirt, and with his trousers tucked in his boots, after the fashion of the miners of the Sierra. This disregard of English customs endears him to Rossetti and some of his other London friends, and makes the resemblance greater between him and Walt Whitman, who used to have some idea of the same kind about dress, and whose picture in his shirt sleeves, adorned some of the editions of his "Leaves of Grass." Miller is to return from Europe immediately, and will revisit Mexico, where he intends to give his verse full play amid scenes with which he is familiar. He has written a poem entitled "Kit Carson's Ride," for an English magazine. An old school-mate of Miller contributes to the Washington Sunday Morning Chronicle, the following curious sketch of his life:

"The new California poet, Joaquin Miller, as he is called, who is creating a sensation in English literary circles, and receiving the commendations of the Times, Athenaeum, Pall Mall Gazette, and the Globe, is an Oregonian, and his real name is C. Hiner Miller. His father, Hulings Miller, settled with his family—wife, four sons, and one daughter—near the town of Eugene City, in Lane County, Oregon, nearly twenty years ago, when the subject of this sketch was a boy. Hiner went to California, probably in 1855, and spent a short time in the mines, near Yreka, where it was reported that he got into a difficulty, and shot at the Sheriff of Siskiyou County. On returning home, he attended school in Eugene City till some time in 1858, and was in the same class as the writer of this article. He then spent about a year in Eastern Oregon and what is now Idaho, running a pony express and carrying letters and papers from the nearest Post Office, a distance of two or three hundred miles over the mountains, and through the Indian country, to the miners. Again he returned home, and for a short time during the early part of the war of the rebellion he edited the Eugene City Review, a Democratic paper, and as the writer of this was editing a Republican paper there at the time, he has distinct recollection of a fierce war of words. Soon after this he married Miss Minnie Myrtle, a young lady who had acquired a reputation as a writer of verses. He then went east of the Cascade Mountains with his young wife, and settled in the gold-mining camp of 'Canyon City,' on John Day's River, in the new County of Grant, where he put out his shingle as an 'attorney at law.' He was soon afterward elected County Judge of Grant County by the Democrats, and remained there till the spring of 1870, during which time he accumulated considerable money, and published in the local newspaper, from time to time, a part of the poems which he has since collected and published in London. Last spring he came back to his old home at Eugene City, separated from his wife, leaving her and two little children provided for, and, on June 6, 1870, the day of our State election, he left the Willamette Valley for Europe, and was, I believe, the Paris correspondent of a leading New York paper during the Franco-German war. His last production before leaving the shores of the Pacific was a parting farewell to his wife, entitled 'Myrr,' and addressed to 'M. M. M.'—Minnie Myrtle Miller. It was published over his signature on the 12th of June, a few days after his departure (he carrying away an advance proof-sheet) in the Oregon State Journal, which, although Republican, was the paper he selected as the medium of most of his publications, as his father, brothers, and nearly all his warmest personal friends were of that school of politics. To this production his wife published a reply in verse soon after his departure, in which she criticised him in severe terms. One of his brothers, Dr. John D. Miller, left Oregon to serve in the Union army in Virginia, and is now residing in Easton, Pa. His other brothers and parents are still residing near Eugene City, in the beautiful valley of the Willamette, and his only sister, Ella, died in that place a few months ago. It was reported that he became acquainted with Miss Myrtle by seeing her verses in print, and commenced corresponding with her before they had seen each other. Then he called at her home, on Coos Bay; the first time another gentleman, who had been paying his addresses to Miss M., happened to be in the house, whereupon Hiner introduced himself by drawing a revolver and driving his rival from the room. They were then married and went to Eugene City. Perhaps there is some truth in this, because in her reply, Mrs. M. M. M. reproaches him for coldness and neglect, after having driven her lover from her presence and separated them forever. He is as impulsive and reckless as Byron, but is a true and noble friend. In his farewell he predicted that he would have 'a name among the princely few,' which may yet be verified."

ART.

A New Yorker, now in Europe, has chartered a ship to import several hundred valuable and antiquated paintings to this country. He hesitates to entrust the steamship companies with so valuable a cargo, which he has spent ten years of his life to accumulate.

—Julian Scott has received a commission from the State of Vermont to paint three pictures, incidents of the late war. He has now gone to Virginia, in company with several of the State officers of Vermont, for the purpose of selecting the groundwork for his subjects. The pictures are to be of grand size and of a historical character.

—A picture, comprised in the Townshend Bequest to the South Kensington Museum, painted by Leys, now in a bay of the North Court of that museum, is in a remarkable state of deterioration, caused by the absolute slipping down of considerable portions, chiefly in the background, the result, no doubt, of the injudicious employment of asphaltum. A similar fact (says the Athenaeum) was observed some years ago in Hilton's picture, "The Rescue of Serena by Sir Calepine," then in the National Gallery, Trafalgar square; in that case one of the eyes slipped down, with a ludicrous effect, which was, for a time, at least, remedied by turning the picture upside down, so that the soft part went back to its place. The only "cure" for the affected parts of Leys' work will be to have them repainted by competent hands.

—Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, is expected to be in Detroit, Mich., within a fortnight, to take charge of the construction of the monument erected by the State to the memory of the soldiers who fell in battle during the late war. Rogers has been in Rome, it is said, some fifteen years, and has in that time never visited his native country.

—Mr. George Cruikshank, who has lived to see his etchings become classical, and the prize of many print collectors, has just brought out a caricature of the "Commune," which shows no falling off in vivid and vigorous delineation. A fiend with hoofs and horns, in a blood-stained cap of liberty, with a flask of brandy on one side of his belt, and a flask of petroleum on the other, brandishing a dripping dagger and a flag surmounted by a death's head, is depicted dancing with infernal glee among the mangled bodies and smoking cinders of the burning city. This is the "leader of the Parisian Blood-Red Republic," and the flag bears this inscription: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; Atheism, or a disbelief in God; seizure of all property; and death to all who oppose the Red Republic." The cartoon is headed—"An awful lesson to the world for all time to come," and below is a suggestion for the suppression of "Red Republicans" in this country.

—Pere Hyacinthe, who is at Rome, has written a letter to a friend in New York, in which he pays Bartlett, the sculptor, a very handsome compliment. Having spoken of the degenerate condition of affairs in Rome, as compared with past ages, he says: "Happily we find occasionally those who combat nobly with this decadence, and struggle against this age of matter and comedy in art, as in the case of your young countryman, Mr. Truman Bartlett, of Connecticut, whom I knew in Paris, and whose studio here I have visited with interest. He has just completed a colossal monumental statue of 'Wisdom,' that does credit to its destination, which is in Connecticut, I believe—I have forgotten where. It is a sitting female figure, half-holding, half-resting upon, a tablet, which bears this inscription, which is the basis of all wisdom: 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' He has just commenced another monumental statue, the 'Angel of Record,' whose bold lines and sublime conception reveal a superior mind; and such minds should be encouraged, that their work may be appreciated. Mr. Bartlett works hard, because he works upward!"

—The artists of Paris were a good deal interrupted by the two sieges of that city of painters. Couture hasn't suffered much; with an eye to the main chance, he has painted some portraits of the Prussian officers. Gustave Dore has made some allegorical illustrations of the war. His studio escaped with a few broken lights. August Bonheur has just finished a picture of some cattle coming home after a shower. Edward May is in London, busy with some other artists upon a panorama of the war. Every day welcomes back some familiar face, and in a few weeks Paris will resume its accustomed artistic exhibitions and reunions. Meissonier has returned to his studio outside of Paris, which was respected by the Germans. Rosa Bonheur stayed during the war at Fontainebleau, and was not molested. Edward Frere and Schenck were the only artists who remained in Ecouen. Their property was respected, but that of the other artists suffered greatly; they saved what furniture they could for others, and were several times arrested by the Prussian guard, and put in the guard-house as "furniture thieves." Frere, through all the German occupation, went on painting as usual. Houses and woods were destroyed while he painted a child eating soup. Paris was in flames, and explosions shook his generally quiet village, but he went on painting a child clinging to her mother's dress.

Seventeen Hundred Years in the Oven.

One house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano-storm buried it. Painters, and decorators, and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household goods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must be undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleanings and other like infections inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of white-wash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if ever it did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a suckling-pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the suckling-pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of 1,700 years! They had been cooking ever since November 23, A. D., 79. M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.—*Leisure Hour.*

FOUNTAIN SYRINGE.

FOUNTAIN SYRINGE

Has Nasal Douche attached, through which use salt and water.

Sure Cure for Catarrh.

Cold water used, the easy constant flow of the Fountain Syringe

CURES PILES.

The only correct principle applied in the construction of a syringe. No pumping. No valves. No air injected. Gives a continuous stream.

Address orders to the Western Agents,

BARTLETT, BUTMAN & PARKER,

Manufacturers of all kinds of Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Abdominal Supporters, Silk Elastic Stockings, Crutches, Artificial Legs, Arms, etc., 182 Dearborn-st., diagonally opposite the Post Office, Chicago.

TRUSSES.

RUPTURE

AUBURN, Ill., June 5, 1871.

Messrs. Marsh, Bowles & Co.:

Dear Sirs: I am happy to say that I have not worn the Patent Radical Cure Truss which I procured from you but a [illegible] for about six weeks, and am perfectly satisfied I am cured. Yours, with respect,

GEO. F. WORKING.

Dr. [illegible] Marsh's Patent Radical Cure Truss, and all other kinds of Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Suspensory Bandages, Apparatus for Spinal Curvature, Club Feet, and all other Physical Deformities, made and accurately applied at the [illegible] Cure Truss Offices of MARSH & CO., New York, and MARSH, BOWLES & CO., [illegible] Washington-st., Chicago, adjoining Crosby's Opera House.

HELIGOLAND.

How Some Persons Threatened to Pick [illegible] with England.

Written for The Chicago Tribune.

There is no sight better worth seeing in all London than Billingsgate on "Lobster Day." Every week-day morning, indeed, shell-fish may be purchased in the world-renowned market, but one day in the week—Tuesday, I think—the day when the odd little Frisian boats, with jibs and outriggers, crowding up the Thames, are expected to arrive—molluscous nature and other creatures take the lead, and the early riser may walk for an hour through such pyramids of oysters and clams, mussels and periwinkles, prawns and crabs, lobsters and "soft-shells," and listen all the while to such shrill outlandish cries from boatmen and longshoremen, oyster-dealers and costermongers, fishermen on board their deeply-laden craft, and fishwomen bartering and chaffing on the crowded docks, as will store his optical and auditory and olfactory memory with sights and sounds and smells, such as a whole life-time will keep fresh. Why the day is called "Lobster Day" rather than Clam Day, or Oyster Day, or Periwinkle Day, I do not know; perhaps, because the lobster is prince among *Mollusci*,—perhaps, because the show he makes all along the dark vaults and slippery flagging-stones of Billingsgate, throws all duller colored crustaceans into the shade,—perhaps, and most likely, because Tuesday morning, long before summer day breaks, or the earliest gleam of light peers around from the misty mountain-tops, the Heligoland boats—"Hell-Golies" the market people call them—are due at the pier of London Bridge, and that in them come the choicest lobsters in the world. About this last statement there can be no mistake. There is no dispute or question on the subject, "Hell Golly lobsters" surpass in size, condition and tenderness all lobsters known in Europe, and in flavor are not equalled by either the Sea Island prawns or the Virginia hard-shell crabs. There is no white-bait dinner at the Ship Hotel in Greenwich,—no lunch at the Star and Garter on Richmond Hill,—no spread along the shady banks of the Thames, nor picnic at Strawberry Hill, nor reflection after a scamper over the Downs and through the scrub-shrubbery of Hampstead Heath—that is perfect without "Hell-golly salad."

Formerly these lobsters found their way to Hamburg, and were thence carried into the interior of Germany. But that trade was stopped long ago. John Bull knows an honest bargain; willingly to escape him. About fifty years ago, a London Alderman, sojourning temporarily in Bremen, found his daily salad greatly superior to what it used to be in England. Upon inquiry he discovered this superiority to consist in the flavor of the lobster. Further inquiry showed that the delicious creature came from Heligoland, one of England's own islands, and it need not be said that hardly a single season had elapsed before the trade had all been turned toward the Thames.

But lobsters are not the only luxury that the Heligoland fishermen procure for the London market. Codfish, haddock, sea-bass, and mackerel are found in great abundance in the deep-sea fisheries between the island and mainland. Oysters, too—"natives," as they are called in London, those minute bivalves, which at first sight excite the derision of an American, but acquaintance with whose pulpy fatness and delicious flavors works wondrous change of opinion, are brought in large quantities for English gourmands. On the whole, considering what Englishmen are, and what Heligoland gives them, there is no wonder that they are disposed to be belligerent now that the old Viking, Bismarck, threatens to seize the home which England stole from Denmark sixty-four years ago, when Lord Nelson flung the Union Jack to the breeze of the North Sea, and won the sea fight of Copenhagen. But a description and history of the island, or islands, rather, since there is a group, though but one of the number is important, will better tell the story why Dame Europa's school is threatened with a new quarrel.

If the reader will turn to his atlas, he will discover, off the coast of Hanover, some five-and-forty miles out in the North Sea, about equi-distant from the mouths of the Weser, Elbe, and Eyder, a group of islands named Heligoland. It consists of one island, Heligoland proper, about two and a half miles in circumference, a smaller island, called The Down, and several sandbanks and rocks, of which that called The Monk is most conspicuous. The principal island is divided into two parts, cliff and lowland. The former is a continued rock of sandstone (red breccia), almost perpendicular, varying from ninety to one hundred and seventy feet in height, and ascended by a flight of steps.

To the summer tourist,—for the larger island has of late years become a summer resort for the *élite* of German and Danish society, Heligoland appears like a vast, lofty rock rising out of the ocean. Upon its bleak top reside through the winter months a population of more than 2,000, and during June, July, and August at least 10,000 foreign gentlefolk make it their summer residence. Hotels, cottages, boarding houses, shops, and all the conveniences and inconveniences that a watering place creates, abound. The thorough change of climatic influences, the complete removal from the busy world, the necessary abandonment of many of the conventionalities of civilization, the consequent partial return to the normal conditions of living, reasons which operate with us in sending summer tourists to the Isle of Shoals, Mount Desert, and Mackinac, have filled Heligoland for the last ten years with ever-increasing guests.

The original inhabitants subsisted by fishing and piloting. Some are spoiled by the access of visitors, and the money more easily to be obtained by waiting upon them; but the great mass are the same hardy race they have been these five hundred years. They are descended from the Frisians, and have preserved the Frisian language and the customs of the people. The men fish,—take their cargoes weekly to London,—and pilot ships bound for the Elbe, the Weser, and the Eyder. The women plow, sow the ground, thresh the grain, and grind it for food. There is little grass produced, and no fuel. Both have to be introduced from the mainland. There are about 350 houses on the high ground, built on shelves of rock rising one above the other, and about 60 on the low ground. The church, magazine, and public building are erected on the former; the dwellings on the low ground are merely the huts of fishermen. A building has been erected upon the "Down" for the benefit of shipwrecked sailors.

Two years ago, when I visited the islands in July, the shore, as the steamer approached, looked low, flat, and muddy. It was surmounted, here and there, by a solitary fisherman's hut or a windmill. Just back rose the perpendicular hill. Its sides were dotted with houses, one placed above another, and apparently bound together by the wreaths of smoke that ascended from chimneys beneath to chimneys above. The bay presented a scene of rare gayety. Boats, filled with men and women, girls and boys, put off to meet us as we approached. There was the short, burly stature of the northman, and the fair hair, blue eyes, red lips, and full busts of the women that inspired old poets when the Norse gods were worshipped. We took a boat, were rowed up a muddy river, alighted, and ascended the hill, and found ourselves in a comfortable hotel, filled with guests, and overlooking, perhaps, the finest sea view in the world, with the exception of fish and lobsters. The table was scant. Vegetables, meats, fowls, and even fruits, have to be brought from the mainland. The company was good—sticking by far to quiet gentle folk than Wiesbaden or Baden-Baden afford—but the amusements, with the exception of fishing, nothing.

During my stay a fair was held, which, as it drew a good many visitors from the nearest mainland—about twenty-five miles—afforded a fine opportunity for studying the character and habits of the people. Everybody was in holiday dress—the men in brown droggets and large round-hats; the women in coarse striped camblet gowns, in which red was the prevailing color, with vast black glazed pasteboard bonnets, and slippers with high heels without any quarters. The Heligoland women are embonpoint, and, if not so coarse of complexion from exposure to sun and wind by out-of-door labor, would have no small pretensions to beauty.

The church was open during the fair, and filled with booths. Lutheran as it is, it is not altogether divested of superstition. We were shown many bones of Saints and tatters of ancient garments. A robe was there said to have belonged to Luther, and, when its authenticity was asked, we were assured that there was another just like it at Worms. This reminded one of the question lately put by a lady to the librarian of the British Museum: "Pray, sir, have you got a skull of Oliver Cromwell here?"

"No, Madam," replied the man of learning and antiquities, "we have not."

"Dear me!" replied the lady, "I wonder at that, for they have a very fine one at the museum at Oxford."

The customs at the hotel *Du Pont d'Blaze* were German. The host carved meat and fish, and served soup from a side table. Etiquette requires that each guest go through with all the courses, if it be nothing more than to taste. To touch any particular dish out of its regular place, although the table might be groaning under the weight of its covers, would be considered an unpardonable rudeness. The guests were, to be sure, mainly Germans; but yet there was not a small intermixture of English, Norwegians, Finnish, Swiss, Russians, and French. The repast—not a remarkable length of time from soup to *fried fruits*—two hours' hard grubbing on a log of hot meats—and yet no one is expected to leave the table until the meal is concluded. This refers, of course, to the chief meal of the day only, which occurs at 2 p. m., breakfast and supper being, as they generally are on the continent, irregular and informal.

The sea view from the cupola of the Hotel *Du Pont d'Blaze* is one of the finest imaginable. From the fortifications that command the harbor and its direction entrance, and from the huts which hang below you like dove-cotes on every shelf and coigne of vantage, the eye wanders over an unbounded sea, sometimes calm as a New England pond, save the long swell of the ocean that heaves the waters without breaking them into waves, sometimes lashed into fury by northern blasts. Upon a still summer day the view is alive with the white sails of ships, the rapid movements of steamers, and the swing of fishing-boats at anchor on the deep-sea banks. During a storm it is fearful sometimes to watch the efforts made by sailing vessels to avoid being driven ashore. Our party witnessed a sight like this, where, for more than four hours, tacking, reefing and sailing close to the wind, a Hamburg sloop endeavored to shun the headlands and get out to sea. It was in vain. Nearer and nearer to the shoals she was driven at every tack in spite of seamanship. The night shut in upon us while she was still afloat. With the darkness, the fury of the tempest increased, and, when morning broke, the ship lay a disfigured wreck on the shoals of the Down, and the mariners at the bottom of the sea.

The natural history of the islands is rather attractive to scientists. More than three hundred species of birds visit here, but only three, the sparrow, guillemot, and razor-bill auk, breed. The soil is made up of strata of indurated clay alternating with beds of gray limestone. The former is of strong red color, and contains oxide of iron and carbonate of lime. The limestone is, in some parts, formed of various marine remains; in others it is uniformly granular. Through both these strata are dispersed deposits of copper ore. The beach is shingly, and covered with various siliceous pebbles, together with variously-colored porphyries and hornstones. On the shore are also found belemnites, and other calcareous and flinty fossil remains. Considerable quantities of pyrites and carbonized wood are contained in the clay strata. In the northwest part of the island there are three ponds of rainwater, called *sapskuhle* by the inhabitants. There are two springs only, neither of which furnish water fit for drinking.

It has been said already that the natives of Heligoland are descended from the Frisians. They still preserve the language and customs of their progenitors. Malte Brun supposed these islands to be the *Alokiai* of Ptolemy. During the first eight centuries of the Christian era, and dating back probably of the birth of Christ, certain tribes worshipped a goddess who was revered as earth, the Mother, a sacred globe, in an island far out at sea, was dedicated to her, and thither the tribes assembled annually. Among these were our own ancestors, the Angli. The goddess sat in a holy chariot, which none but the priests might touch, and was drawn by heifers. So long as she vouchsafed her presence, there were feasts and rejoicing. Peace, too, prevailed. But when, satiated by converse with mankind, she withdrew herself to her secret temple, the wagon and deity were plunged into the sacred lake, and all the slaves were drowned. It is one of the earliest religious ceremonies, and one of the earliest that has reached us of our German forefathers. Heligoland (Holy God Land) is the island of the holy grove.

In the fifteenth century the island became a great resort for pirates, in consequence of which is was put in a state of defence. Hamburg was desirous to obtain possession of it, but the Dukes of Holstein and Gottorp claimed, with success, this ancient dependency of Denmark, and it passed, with the Duchy of Sleswick, into the possession of the Danes, in 1714. In September, 1807, a small English squadron, under Admiral Russell, blockaded the group, and Heligoland shortly surrendered. From that date, during the long wars with Napoleon, it became of great importance to England. She fortified it strongly, and guarded it jealously with her ships of war. It became the great depot for her manufactures. Here were concerted and carried on the most gigantic systems of smuggling the world ever saw. Backed by the naval power of Great Britain, English goods entered every port on the Baltic, and Germany was flooded with the products of British industry. At the close of the war England refused to cede back the islands. Northern Germany complained; but the foremost power in Europe, at that day, refused to yield, and, by the treaties of Paris of 1814 and 1815, Heligoland was transferred to Great Britain.

Such is the history of the little watering-place far out in the German Ocean, which threatens to become a source of contention between England and Prussia. It belongs to the former by right of conquest and of treaty, and of more than half a century's undisputed possession. It is necessary to the latter by right of self-defence. The island is now well governed, its taxes are small, its schools good, and its people thrifty and contented. It is, besides, strongly fortified and well supplied with lighthouses. Prussia assumes that Heligoland is in the German Sea; that it belongs to the continent by right of domain; that it was lost by the fate of war only, not by choice nor purchase, nor any natural causes; that its population, their language and customs, their sympathies and traditions, their national ties in time of peace and their natural instincts in time of war, are not English, but German; and that, as a fortification, commanding the mouths of the three great rivers of Germany, it is a standing menace to Fadeland. It is the same argument that was used, three years ago, with France, against fortifying Luxembourg. It is the argument we should use against Great Britain were she in possession of Martha's Vineyard. It is, in fact, the argument, becoming stronger every year, founded upon the right of self-protection, which belongs equally to nations as to individuals, which is the foundation of our Monroe doctrine, which has been put forward once and again by our political parties in regard to Cuba, and which, urged by the stronger nation against the weaker, always prevails in the end.

N. S. D.

A LAY OF MODERN ROME.

A VISION.—BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

[This brilliant poem is, we believe, new to the American public, the copy from which we print having been brought by private hand from Rome. It was written, however, last fall, in commemoration of the advent of Victor Emanuel and freedom.—ED. PHILADELPHIA PRESS.]

Make way upon the Palatine,
Another Cæsar comes!
Ye ghostly kings and emperors,
Do ye not hear the drums?

Stand back, ye Conscript Fathers,
Leave the ancient forum clear;
Another living Senate with
Its Cicero is here.

Jove wakens in the Capitol,
Minerva draws her brand;
With spent bow, in his morning car,
Behold! Apollo stand!

The arrow which the God of light
Sped thro' the darkened skies,
Hath reach'd the throned Corsican,
And now the python dies.

Italia thro' her hundred roads
Is marching into Rome—
She comes not as a conqueror,
But exile welcomed home.

For her the grand old Mother,
With new gladness waxes and thrills;
[illegible]
And arrays her storied hills.
The Palatine its laurel waves—
The Coelian spreads its oak,
While with a shout the Capitol
Throws down its ancient yoke.

The Aventine o'er Tiber shakes
[illegible]
And all the pines on high Janiculum
Look gladly to the sea.

The gardens on the Esquiline
A sweeter perfume fings,
And the aspect upon the Quirinal
Leap up as they had wings.

The Viminal waves its willow boughs
To welcome in again
The waters from Subiaco,
And the patriot stream of men.

Aflash with flowers and music
Rings the Pincian to the skies,
And the form of Cincinnatus
On the Vatican [illegible] rises.

And even He who bravely spake
When first he took the throne,
And gave the blow for liberty
Should welcome in his own.

Every foot is toward the Capitol,
Each footstep nears the dome,
They know the roads of Union
Can only lead to Rome.

Milan, Turin, and Genoa,
Led by the Tuscan Court,
Sweep over the Pons Milvius
To the Flaminian Porte.

Bologna and Verona,
With Ferrara come in state,
And Venice with her Don,
To the old Nomentum gate.

Sicilia and Neapolis up
The Appian highway pour,
And red-lipped Messalina
Bids [illegible] ope the door.

Thrice welcome to each victor,
With the laurel on his helm,
They who restored the sceptre
To a re-united realm.

Oh! what a splendor crowns the day,
When each converging road
Brings every ceasar in at last,
Content, to one abode.

Call it kingdom, or republic,
Which it may from sea to sea,
Give freedom any name you will,
But let it still be free.

At once, behold! brown Industry
Assails the fallow plain,
The Dalmatian swine, and Commerce spreads
Her white upon the main.

Behind the bare bars the Press no more
Is doomed to bow and cringe,
The gate of old Intolerance
Swings on its rusty hinge.

The dead wraps of Justice calls
Her patriots one by one—
From [illegible] tomb of living tombs
They stride into the sun.

And Art, no longer forced to serve
At superstition's shrine,
Brings forth a new-born release
To swell her royal line.

Religion rising from the dark,
Her chains no more her burden,
And simple Truth and Liberty
Intercommune with the world.

Viva! Viva! Italia!
Her Union crowned at last,
The invincible Army of Freedom
In the infinite light of God!

ROME, September 20, 1870.

ROME.

VILLEGIATURA IN OVERBECK'S VILLA—THE HILL COUNTRY—THE ROCCA DI PAPA—PEOPLE—JUVENILE PAPAL SOLDIERS—THE FLOWER FESTIVAL AT GENZANO—BRIGANDS—INCIDENTS OF THE EXCURSION—RURAL SKETCHES—A CAMP OF SOLDIERS.

Letters from Mary Howitt to The Chicago Tribune.

No. II.

CASA HOFFMANN-OVERBECK,
ROCCA DI PAPA, June 1.

We are now, like so many others, whether Romans or strangers resident in Rome, enjoying our Villeggiatura, and are fortunate enough to be located for the present in the country house of the late lamented painter, Friedrich Overbeck, who died in Rome twelve months since last November. This villa is beautifully situated in the strange village of Rocca di Papa, at the height of 2,448 feet above the Mediterranean, which we see gleaming out—now blue, now green, now silver—along the western shores of the Campagna. Anything in the shape of a village queerer than this Rocca di Papa can hardly be imagined. The houses, which have all a black appearance, as if rudely cut out of volcanic stone, cling, like bats, height above height, to the very top of this vitrified rock. The whole of this district, indeed, is volcanic. The beautiful lakes of Albano and Nemi fill the craters of extinct volcanoes, and now the earth itself is literally a mass of vitreous matter, the very dust of the roads sparkling in the sun from the minute particles of this same glass-like material. On some of the hill-sides, indeed, you come upon strata of black ashes, or cinders, which seem but inconceivably ancient, as above these lie others of solid stone.

Climbing Rocca di Papa you reach the green, extensive platform of the old camp of Hannibal, from which ascends the still loftier height of Monte Cavo, the highest summit of these Alban hills. The lower ranges of these hills, covered with chestnut wood and interspersed with vineyards, olive, and fruit gardens, form an upper terrace, as it were, to the great Campagna—a second sea, purple, green, or yellow, according to the time of day or the state of the atmosphere. In the centre of this vast and world-unrivalled plain, lies Rome, gleaming out, creamy white in the early morning, often lost to sight later in the day, unless some sunset effect surges upon the cupola of St. Peter's, and brings it out bright in a sunlit shower, or with a background of dark cloud in a style worthy of Turner.

Rome from our villa looks wonderfully dream-like, hushed and still as the old Appian Way, the lamps of which may be distinguished under certain lights, and quite in one way it is certainly becoming, and comparatively speaking, empty also. Many of the *forestieri*, or strangers, mere birds of passage, have been disappearing for some time; many are driven away by the increasing heat; these are especially English. The Americans are more accustomed to it. Others, and many of these old residents, are driven away by architects and builders, who, at the command of landlords, without any notice given to the tenants, seize upon studio or private dwelling, erect scaffolding in front, take off the roof, and proceed rapidly to erect another story or two. A perfect frenzy of building has now seized upon Rome. I saw streets laid out, new houses built, and old ones enlarged from above, to meet the extra amount of accommodation which it is expected will be required when the Italian Government is removed hither in the course of the summer or autumn. This building of story upon story on the roof has always probably been a favorite system in Rome, as, during the time of the Emperors, an edict was passed to prevent the people carrying up their houses beyond a certain height. The erection, however, of *loggia* and these extraneous stories on the roofs, gives a great deal of that picturesque detail to Roman streets and houses, which is the delight of every artistic eye, however inconvenient it may be to the inhabitants at the time of their erection. Again, these upper suites of rooms, often the best in the whole building, are especially attractive in the winter season, when the warmth of the sun is so comfortable and cheering, and so necessary even to the health of the foreigner. The streets being generally very narrow, and the houses lofty, each one tries to get higher than his neighbor, and thus ascend into the region of sunshine, at least in the winter months, for during the hot season the sun is carefully avoided. Another reason why all who can are now leaving Rome is the report, whispered from ear to ear, on the authority of well-known physicians, that the city will probably be unhealthy during the summer in consequence of the inundation of the winter.

Therefore, whilst nothing has been talked of for the last several weeks but Villeggiatura, and some of our friends have gone north and some south, some simply to Albano, or Frascati, or to Tivoli, for longer or shorter periods, we have come up to this hill country for two weeks or so, until other dear friends are ready to join us for a summer sojourn in the Austrian Tyrol, amongst the Dolomite Mountains. In the meantime, it is so delightful to be here amongst these chestnut wood-covered hills, and to gaze, in this tempered atmosphere over the magnificent landscape, with its cities and towns, all of which were historic, with the site of Tusculum, just opposite, on a craggy green hill, and nightingales and skylarks thrilling the air with their melody, that seems scarcely worth while to spend money in going further. Meantime, the programme for the summer is decided, and, like a law of the Medes and Persians, is not to be changed. Our *villegiatura* at Rocca di Papa must end before the middle of the month; let us now, therefore, enjoy it to the utmost.

We thought it fortunate that on Whit-Sunday, the first Sunday we were here, the *Infiorata*, or Flower Festival of Genzano, was, after having been given only three times in the last eighteen years, to be celebrated on that day. Usually, this floral fete, which is so interesting to us from the use which Hans Christian Andersen has made of it in his wonderfully graphic Roman story, the *Improvisatore*, is held on the octave of Corpus Christi, and which would throw it a fortnight later. This year, however, when everything belonging to the Church is turned topsy-turvy, or is at a perfect stand-still, and after the Church had declared that it would have nothing to do with the *Infiorata*, would not open its doors to it, nor even condescend to look on, though the people of Genzano, like all the rest of these hill towns, are rigidly Papalini, it was taken in hand by Duke Cesarini-Sforza, and the time of its celebration anticipated by fourteen days. For us this was fortunate, and two of our Roman friends, accompanied by Mr. Carl Hoffmann, to whom, as the grandson of Overbeck, this villa in part belongs, came over on Saturday to spend two or three days with us. This young man, the son of the niece or adopted daughter of the great artist, is himself a good landscape and portrait painter. His portrait of his grandfather, supplied by him to the Royal Academy of Antwerp, of which his grandfather was a member, has already made him favorably known out of Rome.

Carl Hoffmann, a genial-hearted young man, is a great favorite amongst the wild people of Rocca di Papa, with whom he is quite at home. He therefore undertook all necessary arrangements for our excursion to Genzano, which was to be on asses, the way thither being a simple bridle-path through the woods. At 4 o'clock in the morning, therefore, Francesco, the man employed at the place, and commonly called *Checco*, was sent off to Albano with three of the asses to fit them with ladies' saddles, one for the fourth being already in the house, and a man's saddle for the fifth being also on the premises. And here I must remark that in this rocky mountain village, and, in fact, throughout all this district, nothing but asses and mules are used. Charcoal is burned extensively among these chestnut-woods and the trees sawn into boards, but everything, whether charcoal or wood, is conveyed away on the backs of these animals. Into the village of Rocca di Papa itself nothing but goats or asses could climb; there is but one good street, the rest are paved flights of steps, or steps rudely cut or worn by the use of ages in the hard rock upon the narrow ledges on which the houses seem to hang. Five good, tractable donkeys were, therefore, easily obtained, especially when needed for the use of Signor Carlo's friends. By 9 o'clock the five asses were in the farm-yard, attended by Checco and Pietro, to whom two of them belonged, and who now, taking the provision baskets and the cloaks and shawls, set off first, we preferring to come after on foot rather than ride through the throng of villagers, partly congregated to see us set out and partly sitting on the low walls or standing in groups together idly, it being a church festa, when they had not gone out to work as usual, either on the Campagna or in the potato and bean fields of the hill-sides. But what a wild, unkempt, ragged, and completely Irish-looking population this is, at least as far as the men go, in their old slouched felt hats, turned brown in the sun, and their ragged old home-spun clothes; often a jacket and trousers of coarser blue cloth. The women have a costume often with bright-colored stays and aprons, and always with a colored handkerchief pinned square on the head, mostly with red in it, more frequently of bright scarlet crimson and orange, the effect of which is very good, especially when three or four are seen at a distance. Most of these women, too, are very good-looking; many of the children are really beautiful; but seldom do you meet either a woman or a child without their begging from you, and some are very impudent beggars, indeed. In fact, the Church has so long made alms-giving a cardinal virtue that the poor almost think they do the wealthy a service by giving them an opportunity of advancing a few steps heavenward. It is your duty to support them, and, if you refuse,—at alms, will require whether you are a Christian; and if so, bid you go home and do penance.

Through this peculiar Rocca di Papa population we passed, and so on by a broad terrace road under Monte Cavo for about half a mile, to the little Church of Madonna della Tufa, a great place of pilgrimage, above the altar of which is effected as a reredos a huge block of tufa stone, which, an ancient tradition says, was arrested in its fall from the lofty rock above by a traveller—who would otherwise have been crushed by it—calling upon the Virgin for protection, and who beheld, as the instant answer to his prayer, the image of the glorified Madonna, with the Savior in her arms, on the suspended rock. Above this piece of rock, and on which stands an old picture of the Virgin and child, with gold and silver ornaments, this little chapel was built, and the incident is celebrated in two oil pictures on the walls by a modern German artist. An aged monk, who is called a hermit, lives in a little dwelling on one side of the chapel, and the chapel and the hermit and a tall red wooden crucifix in front of the chapel, make the place altogether very attractive to the people of Rocca di Papa, especially the women and children who are coming up every five minutes alone or in little groups to say their prayers in the chapel or to kneel and kiss the foot of the tall red cross opposite. But these Rocca di Papa people, let them be as rude and dirty as they may, are the very best of Papalini; their hearts and their allegiance have never ceased; they are true as steel to the Holy Father, spite of the company of soldiers stationed among them since the 20th of September. It may have been promulgated that they have brigand propensities, for the intelligence of which their solitary and extensive woods afford them opportunity, yet They have not deserved it, whatever may be the case as regards the wild people of the Abruzzi, who used occasionally to come over their wooded mountains as far as Rocca di Papa. But the Rocca di Papa people are good Papalini and not brigands. So says our excellent Carl Hoffmann, and we believe every syllable he says; besides, who should know if he do not?

Yet a word or two more about these mountaineers, then we will proceed to Genzano. They have here a peculiar kind of singing. We heard it first in Rome from a woman who frequented a public washing-place in the Via Isidoro, just by our house. She sang with the most extraordinary changes of voice and long drawn out cadences a melody impossible to describe. A musical friend of ours said it was the Tivoli singing. The same prevails here, and no doubt it extends through the whole of these mountains, and probably comes down from the times of the old Volscians and Sabines. But be its origin what it may, it is very sweet and peculiar, and when heard in the evening from several voices, as the people, especially the women, return from labor on the Campagna, its plaintiveness touches one's heart, for it is set in that minor key which belongs to all ancient national melodies. The people sing very much. Singing or silence may, indeed, be taken as an expression of the popular feeling in any Italian district. When they are happy and contented they sing. In Rome, at this time, they are silent. You hear no singing there; they are not yet satisfied; they have begun to think and they cannot sing. The evenings here are inexpressibly delicious; the nightingales sing in the chestnut woods; the stars look out large and bright, scarcely dimmed by the increasing moon; and the voice of the wild and plaintive singing comes up from below through all the hours of evening. The people begin to return from work on the Campagna, or on the cultivated lands which have been cleared in the woods for charcoal burning, as early as 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but many of them who work at a distance are not heard ascending to the Rock before twilight, then they come in bands, singing very sweetly. At 4 o'clock in the morning, the village watchman, as he goes his round, blows his horn at intervals to rouse them again to labor, and now and then you hear them in the houses of the early morning singing as they go. But this is much less frequent than on their return.

Coming down on one of these lovely evenings from the high meadow platform of Hannibal's camp behind the volcanic heights of Rocca di Papa we were obliged to pass into the higher part of this strange rock village, house perched above house, black and stern, like the volcanic wall itself, when we were suddenly faced by a little troop of lads, all rags and tatters, with bare, dirty feet, and either bare-headed or old round-crowned hats on, which either hung on the back of their heads or tumbled half over their noses. On they came in exactest order, in single file, along the narrow channel of the rock-road, and shouldering stout sticks for muskets, under the command of an active little officer, with white paper bands on his arms and the air of a General. We had to step aside to make way for them, when, at once, a halt was called, and the little troop was marshalled on a shelf of rock, and, quick as lightning, made to go through their evolutions, shouldered their arms, grounded them, fired, recharged, fired again, fell to the ground and took aim at the large village of Marino, lying below, four miles off on the edge of the Latin Plain. The leader of this little company could not have been above 11, the youngest might be 7, yet all had the most perfect self-composure, and every movement was agile and graceful. This was a little Papalini troop, true to the Holy Father, and ready, as they thought, to fight for him. The worst of it was that these little soldiers were just as much beggars as were any of the others who made no pretence of any higher character. No sooner, therefore, had they gone through their maneuvres than the little leader stepped forward and stretching forth his small, dirty hand, said with an air of coaxing begging, "*Datecci qualchecosa*," and all the rest followed his example. But we never give to beggars, so we parted, a little disgusted with each other.

When, now, on this beautiful Whit-Sunday morning we were advancing up the steep street, with our little troop of donkeys in advance, we soon found ourselves attacked by the *Datecci qualchecosa* tribes, and amongst them was no other than our little Captain of the former evening, with his stout stick in his hand, and all his rags fluttering about him. He was then all smiles and courtesy, and, with all the old martial character, declared himself to be there as our defender. "I knew they would tease you with begging," said he, "so I am come, Signor Carli, to attend you to Genzano."

"What a clever little fellow that is," said we to Mr. Hoffmann; "he was the General of a little troop, the other evening."

"Not *General*, Signorina," retorted he, as quickly as possible, and as if he understood English, in which she had spoken, "but *Sergeant*."

And so, of course, he was, with the pretended Sergeant's white bands on his arm. But, like these Italians, he has ready wit and the quickest apprehension.

"He is an old acquaintance of mine," said Mr. Hoffmann; "the *maestro di casa*, as you will find before long."

Again the Sergeant was at the head of a troop, but keeping them at a respectful distance, and, seeing one donkey somewhat ahead of the others, he mounted it, and rode on in gallant style.

At the little Chapel of Madonna della Tufa, all mounted, excepting we, who preferred walking through the narrow paths of the chestnut-woods, which we now entered with Mr. Hoffmann, and the lads were sent back, the young Sergeant declaring that he had no intention of going further, but had merely attended us as far as the chapel to which all were bound for their devotions. The open space around the little chapel had been carefully swept by the old hermit-monk, the evening before, in preparation for Pentecost. We had been there in the twilight of the evening, when we found a large key on the ground, and, inquiring at the chapel, it proved to be the key to the solitary old man's cell, for which he seemed very grateful, thinking, perhaps, that the blessed Madonna had directed the stranger to find it, and this morning he smiled most benignantly upon us as we passed, and probably gave us his blessing.

Now we were on our way to Genzano, deep in those umbrageous woods which clothe these hill-sides. Above us, but left behind, was the white convent of the Passionists on the lofty, wooded Monte Cavo, where, until the time of Cardinal York, the youngest son of the Pretender, James Stuart, stood a magnificent temple of Jupiter, one of the most splendid antiquities of Rome, and which he pulled down and erected the present convent with the materials. But the old pavement of the *Via Triumphalis* still remains, along which many a victorious Roman General, Julius Cæsar amongst the rest, marched on foot from Rome to receive in this temple of Jupiter the honors of a public triumph.

Now and then, as we advanced, we obtained through the openings in the woods, glimpses below us of the far-spreading Campagna, the green wooded Heights of Alban and Castel Gandolfo, the summer residence of the Pope, and, further on, the crowned hill on which stands the solitary tower which marks the site of Corioli, that city of the Volscians; and, beyond all, the silver hills of the sea. The path was so narrow through the woods that we advanced in single file, with bushes of golden broom, bending almost to the earth with their weight of blossoms, and such masses of flowers bordering the wayside as could only be equalled elsewhere in the richest flower garden; balsams like archangels, vetches of the loveliest and most varied growths and colors, laburnum, sweet mignonette, white beds of aromatic, rockets, asphodels, now indeed just over, honeysuckles, wild sweet peas, thalictrums, columbines, cytisus. We thought the flowers beautiful in Switzerland, but they are more so here in this still finer climate, whilst the colors, whatever they may be, are more clear and brilliant than the same flowers cultivated with the utmost care in England, and almost any wild flower here is a favorite in English gardens.

On we went for four or five pleasant miles, and then we found ourselves at Genzano, when, leaving our donkeys to the care of our attendants, we proceeded down one of the three fine avenues planted by one of the Dukes of Cesarini upward of two hundred years ago, and which now in their prime make a beautiful feature of the place. Here and there, seated under the broad shade of the trees, on the grassy margins of the road, were groups of people, some of them Americans, taking their luncheons, who had driven over that morning from Rome, their carriages standing near, also in the shade. Pleasant recognition of friend and acquaintance took place, for some of them were known to us. Nevertheless, we were not tempted to do exactly as they did, but seeking less publicity retired into a shadowy nook near a garden belonging to Mr. Jaco, one of the richest men of the place, who, being known to Mr. Hoffmann, made us welcome. Below the garden stood large sheds, or buildings, containing immense stages of shelves, on which lay millions of silk worms, ravenously devouring the green mulberry leaves with which they were supplied.

The gun fired for the horse-races as we took our pleasant meal; but it offered us no temptation, as they are allowed with still more cruelty than those of the Carnival in Rome. We took our time, therefore, and then wandered up the second avenue to Cesarini-Sforza palace, beautifully situated on the edge of the old volcanic crater in which lies, nestled in its beautiful woods, the lovely Lake of Nemi.

The Duke Francis Sforza-Cesarini, syndic and chief proprietor of Genzano, whose wife is one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Princess Margaret, had invited the Prince and Princess and the ladies and gentlemen of their court to a *déjeuner* at the palace, of which they were at this time partaking, while the band outside was playing popular and favorite airs.

The history of this family is one of the completest romances which human life ever presented. A cloud of supposed illegitimacy hung over the early years of the late Duke, who, in consequence, was brought up in humble circumstances, and when arrived at man's estate practised as a miniature painter in Rome. In the same house with him lived a wealthy English gentleman, who employed him to paint a likeness of his daughter, when, as not unfrequently happens in such cases, the two young people fell in love with each other. Of course, the father would not give his consent to their marriage, and the lovers being parted vowed eternal fidelity to each other. In the meantime, an old woman confided to him that, although he had been nursed in the San Spirito, or Foundling Hospital, yet he was of noble birth and heir to the great estates of the Sforza-Cesarini, which, after many strange and almost incredible incidents, was established in so far that he obtained possession of his vast property and legally assumed the title, although the cloud of illegitimacy still hung over him. No sooner, however, was he raised to this high rank than he set off to claim his beloved, when, strange to say, on entering his hotel at Paris, the first person he met on the stairs was the very young lady herself, who, her father being dead, was just then about to proceed to Rome, in order to become his wife.

They were married at once. She is still alive, and we had the pleasure of seeing her arrive at the palace from Rome to partake of the festivities with all the rest. The Duke is now dead. But, strange to say, after his accession to his high rank and great wealth, he remained a singularly unfortunate man—not in his family, but in the incidents of his life. On one occasion he shot a faithful steward who was returning to the house on some urgent business on which he had been entrusted, the Duke mistaking him for a dangerous enemy. Through the many Italian struggles for liberty he embraced the liberal side, and finally died, only a few years ago, in exile.

But times and circumstances are now changed for the family. The Italian flag waved proudly from the roof of the palace, and, in obedient imitation, from various houses and windows in the town; the union of Italy had been achieved, and now the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy were being entertained by the son of the exile, the happily-established Duke of Sforza-Cesarini. We rejoiced to think the old tragedy was ended, some of the particulars of which are given by Edmond About in his "Rome of To-day," and have also been narrated by Mrs. Oliphant in the pages of *Blackwood*, under the title of the "Romance of Agostino."

All this being taken into consideration, it was easy to understand how the whole of this festival would be unpalatable to the Church and displeasing to such as remained faithful to the Papal interests.

To be Continued.

From The Capital.

ABOU BEN BUTLER.

An Old Byronic Vision,
AFTER LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Butler (may his tribe decrease)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw—illumined by the silver moon
And glistening like (curse similes) a spoon!—
A goblin writing in a book of gold.
A fellow feeling made Ben Butler bold,
And so the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head
And, with a squint peculiarly uncivil,
Answered, "The names of those who served the d—l."
"And is mine one?" said Butler; "Well, I guess so."
Replied the demon. Butler muttered "*jus so*."
Then louder—"If there's any doubt, the devil,
Write me as one who only serves himself."
The goblin wrote and vanished. The next night
It came, blue-gleaming with a sulphurous light,
And showed their names who served Old Nick the best
And lo! Ben Butler's name led all the rest!

FRANK.

Hints for Lady Equestrians.

Several lady correspondents desire additional hints in equestrian matters, and we will endeavor to furnish them. We must commence by observing that there are situations wherein it is sometimes advisable to force a horse to have his own way, in order to baffle his attempts. Restive horses sometimes attempt to crush their riders' legs against walls, gates, &c. An inexperienced lady, under such circumstances, would endeavor to pull the horse away, but the animal, knowing his own strength, would feel he could overcome the rider, and turn the knowledge to her disadvantage on a future occasion. Although a rider should not desist till she has subdued her horse, she must as seldom as possible enter into an open contest with him. Never attack him but on a point he is resolute in defending; the assault should be directed to the weaker side. The more he fortifies himself in one place, the more he diminishes his powers in another. He prepares to resist any attempt to conquer him on his strong side, and the success with which he is attacked on the other, on account of his weakness in that quarter, goes far to discourage and subdue him. If he plants himself in a position of resistance against being forced to advance, it is a matter of very little difficulty to make him go back. If he appear determined not to go to the right, the rider may, on account of the mode in which he disposes of his body and limbs, turn him, with great facility, to the left. If he stands perfectly still, and will not move in any direction, his obstinacy may be made his punishment; the rider should sit patiently until he shows a disposition to advance, which he most likely will in a short time, when he discovers she is not annoyed by his standing still.

Nothing will subdue a horse so soon as making his vices appear as acts of obedience to the rider's will, and turning his attacks against himself. When, therefore, a horse runs on one side against a wall, pull his head toward it; this will cause him to go from it. If he is obstinate and will not, and it a whip or leg the rider can drive his croup out, she may be successful in backing him completely away from it. It is by no means impossible that, when he finds the rider is inclined to go the wall as well as himself, he may become obedient. Should this not be the case, his croup can be so turned outward as to prevent his doing mischief to the limbs of the rider. In shying, the same principle may be acted upon more advantageously, perhaps, than in any other case. Should the horse be alarmed at any object, and, instead of going on, turn round, he should be soothed and encouraged to approach and pass the object—not urged by correction; the attempt to force him up to it would be both unavailing and dangerous. If a horse swerve from an object, and attempt to pass it at a quick gait, it is a folly to force him towards it, for if you succeed in bringing his head on one side, his croup will be turned outward, and his legs work in an opposite direction. The greater the exertions made by the rider, the greater the resistance of the horse. The mode is dangerous, for the horse may in this manner fly from imaginary into real danger, for he cannot see what he may run against, or where he is going. Tightening the rein, therefore, on the side from which the horse shies is wrong; it should be slightly slackened, and the horse's head turned away from the object which terrifies him. By this mode much advantage is obtained; in the first place, the animal's attention is diverted to other things; in the second, the dreaded object loses most of its terror, when he finds no wish on the rider's part to force him nearer to it; and lastly, he is enabled to see and avoid any danger on the other side or in front of him.—*Bow Bells.*

A Heathen Festival in England.

In the midst of so much modern dissent and of mild attempts at Ritualism, there still exists a relic of a worship far more ancient than any ceremony which Romanist observes or Ritualist would restore—the worship of the Goddess of Spring, the festival dear to the heart of every "one of Helston," and to very many of West Cornwall, the "Helston Flora Day;" or, to give it the popular, which is also the true name, the "Furry Day." This curious festival is held yearly on the 8th of May, and, as a fading relic of antiquity, a description of it, embodying many past experiences, may amuse those of our readers who, in the rapid whirl of present events, still find time for an occasional glance at the past. On the morning of the 8th the houses of Helston are decorated with flowers, the doors and gateways of many of them with arches made of boughs. In ancient times the people used early in the morning to "fade" or "fadgy"—Anglice, go into the country and bring in the flowers and boughs to adorn the town. Even so late as last year the traces of this custom were seen in music and dancing in the street at break of day and even earlier, which broke the slumbers of those who got their best sleep toward the morning, making them start up and condemn the Furry and its votaries to the limbo of all departed things. The more formal and regular ceremonial, however, begins at midday, when a procession is formed, headed by the Town Constables carrying halberts ornamented with flowers and ribbons; these are followed by a band playing the "Furry" tune; then follows what is called the "first party," consisting of the principal ladies and gentlemen of the town and neighborhood, two and two after their own kind, dancing the ancient "Furry" dance. This dance, not to be seen out of Cornwall, and, in fact, only in the west part of it, we cannot better describe than by saying it consists of the gentleman giving his partner a slow turn as if in a funeral waltz, and a constant change of partners between the two couples who walk next each other, and who are locally said to "exchange" with each other. No tune but the Furry is played. The procession dances down the streets, through certain houses and gardens which from time immemorial have been open to the dancers, through the Grammar School, across the Bowling-green, until, having made the circuit of the town, the party and the crowd which follows them reach the spot whence they started, when they go into the assembly room, and finish with a country dance. The same houses are yearly and from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary have been visited in exactly the same order. The second party, consisting of the leading tradesmen of the town, is then formed, and observes exactly the same ceremonial in exactly the same order. The third party, of servants and the working-class, follows; and the day's rejoicings finish up with the Furry ball in the assembly-room at the Angel Inn. The balance of authorities is in favor of the opinion that the Furry is of pagan origin, introduced into Cornwall by either the Phœnicians, the Greeks, or the Romans, and that it is a rite in honor of the spirit or goddess of vegetation, and in celebration of the return of spring.—*Belgravia.*

Little six-year-old Georgie, having been instructed by his Aunt Katie to pray for his papa, and being one evening interrupted in his devotions, and being told by her that he must now pray for his mamma, replied: "Aunt Katie, you just hold your horses now. Whose runnin' this prayer, you or me?"

—Good Father Hyacinthe says that "France defends the cause of society at large." One wouldn't so much object to this (though she had better mind her own business), but for some time the capital of France has been defending the cause of the society that ought not to be at large.

—A member of the Arkansas Legislature, who goes for economy in public expenditure, in speaking on an extravagant appropriation, indignantly exclaimed: "Gentlemen, talk about adequate compensation of public servants! Why, sir, during the late war I was in thirty-seven battles, was wounded thirteen times in the cause of the South, and the entire pay I received was $30 in Confederate money, every cent of which I gave for one glass of old rye whisky."

THE AMERICAN LADY.

A Chicago Story.

BY FORRESTER,

Author of "John Bell," "The License to Love," "The Memoirs of an Actress," etc., etc.
Written for The Chicago Tribune.

CHAPTER XXI.

CORA FAWN.

The secret history of Cora Fawn is similar to that of many of her class; that is to say, it is made of vanity, coquetry, desertion, and finally culminating in crime. But she had remaining something more than boldness and impudence. She was educated, with graceful manners, and still possessed some feeling. At the time of the unfortunate incident in which she had become acquainted with Marcus, and when, to her own ruin, she had allowed herself to be led on by him, she was an orphan. Descended from a good family of New Jersey, of the name of Nichols, she had been sent to Chicago to school, from which she had been taken at the death of her parents by her guardian. Her course of study had been nearly completed, and, with a naturally perceptive mind, she had brought into her life of dissipation attractions that might have made her the sought and envied of any society. But beautiful, graceful, and perfidious, she was the more dangerous because of the possession of these rarer qualities among women of her class, and because she knew how to use these qualities to the best advantage. She had brought her powers of dissimulation to such perfection that the next morning, in presenting herself at the house of Mrs. Grey in her elegant mourning costume, she was received by the widow kindly and with something of condescension in her manner. Although Florence was a good judge of character, and was not easily deceived, yet the young lady seemed so subdued, and had in her air such a gentle melancholy that the suspicion of her real character did not enter the mind of Florence. She was not only young and beautiful, but there was an expression of patient suffering about her face, sometimes, that gave her a certain dignity of bearing, and which demanded respect.

Previous to the inquiry as to the object of her visit, Mrs. Grey ceremoniously conducted her to a seat, and then cheerfully asked if she was comfortable, and as to the state of the weather, or without, to all of which modest answers were returned. At last she said:

"And Miss, to what am I indebted for this visit?"

Cora, with embarrassment, replied, almost in tears:

"The step which I am about taking would not have been undertaken but from a knowledge of your reputed kindness."

"Ah, what can such a young lady as you have to deliberate upon?"

"A matter of grave importance to me, but of little importance to you, I hope."

"And may I ask what it is?"

Cora hesitated an instant, as if fearful of her course, and then, with subdued voice and moist eye, she continued:

"Do you know the Count de Romanoff?"

At the sound of that name, and especially at the confidential disclosure which she expected and dreaded, Florence turned very pale, and her hand visibly trembled.

"And you, Miss?" she found strength to inquire.

"Me!" repeated Cora, with a tragic air; "I am his wife."

"His wife!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, really frightened. If a bolt from Heaven had fallen upon her heart it could not have shocked her more.

On Cora's side, she seemed paralyzed by the pain of her own misfortunes, and it was only by a seemingly great effort that she continued:

"At least, in the sight of God I am his wife."

A moment of silence followed, during which, to all appearance, the two sufferers were unable to speak. It was at last Mrs. Grey who first sufficiently recovered to say:

"Well, Miss, do you love him?"

Cora raised her eyes, as if to call upon Heaven to witness to the sincerity and depth of her sentiments, and wringing her hands in anguish she said, in passionate accents:

"Do I love him? Oh, Madam, ask me rather if there is here, a heart beating in my breast, a soul that feels, reason that judges, blood that boils? Ask me whether I live, because I am his by every tie of love, and my only life is in him."

"Poor child," involuntarily murmured Florence, at the same instant pressing her hand upon her heart with a look of anguish.

"Yes, I am poor child, indeed; I have suffered much."

And, true actress as she was, she related her *liaison* with Marcus as though the Count had been in the place of the latter.

"I was young, I was innocent, I was credulous," she said, "and when I saw him for the first time he took advantage of my inexperience and gained my love." But what she omitted was that she was a coquette, indolent, fond of pleasure and dress, and that she was an easy prey to the man who had betrayed her.

"And the man who has done all this was the Count de Romanoff?" sighed Florence.

"The same, madam," said the pretended victim painfully, with more regret than reproaches in her gentle voice. "But I do not complain, and would still forget and forgive all I have suffered if he would again take me to his heart."

"He shall, he must," said Mrs. Grey with energy. "And if M. de Romanoff is an honest man he will repair the wrong he has committed. He will make you his wife."

"Oh, Madam, how good you are!" exclaimed Cora, as if about to fall at the feet of the young widow. "And how much gratitude I shall owe you! I can conceive that Serge, upon seeing you, was fascinated; that he now dearly loves you, so beautiful, so pure and so intelligent as you are, and that he really desires to marry you."

"Who has told you that?" said Florence, whose pride seemed wounded, but who, at that time, was far from suspecting a trap.

"The rumor has reached me," innocently replied Cora, "and I was forced to believe there was some truth in it. Moreover, there was not I have no longer the least hope that the infidel will return to me, as there is another who has succeeded me in his affections."

"Another!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, with nervous emotion.

"Alas! yes," sighed the unhappy girl.

"An American, a woman of Chicago?"

"I believe so, madam; although her name is foreign."

"And what's her name?"

"Valentine Duval!"

"Is was then true?" said Florence, pressing her hand to her heart to stop its violent beating.

"Too true, for my happiness," moaned Cora with sadness. "And this woman will never give him up, because she loves him too well, it seems. In addition, she is ambitious, she is an artist, and she wishes to receive fame, as the nature of genius. The Count is rich enough to level all the obstacles in her path, and to assure her the success she so much desires."

"That's, indeed, the truth," said Florence, with a suppressed voice, as if a ray of light had suddenly broken through the clouds. "I did not think of that."

It is certain that, to an unprejudiced mind, the last invention of Cora could not have stood even a cursory examination had the honor and unselfish character of Valentine been of the least weight; and even the story of Cora's seduction by the Count, at any other time, would not have received the least credence from Mrs. Grey, because of its many improbable incidents. But one is never competent to discriminate when self is interested; and Mrs. Grey, blind with love and jealousy, was quite unfitted for this task. Oh! jealousy, do not mankind suffer from the pain inflicted by you! Florence was a martyr to this ever vigilant spirit. She knew it, but was not able to control it; and, knowing it, she had, early in her acquaintance with the Count, honestly confided to him this unhappy fault. In all of her combats to resist and rid herself of this passion, she was only the more impressed with the truth of her horrible convictions. It was also quite reasonable, as Mrs. Grey affirmed, because of the beauty and worth of Valentine that the Count should love her who was not only handsome and intelligent but possessing a genius of which the latter had shown himself a great admirer. There was a singular sympathy between them, which to Mrs. Grey seemed unfathomable. Here was another, a stranger, equally beautiful and fascinating, and who in the past might have inspired in the heart of the Count, a man of the world as he was, a similar passion to the one he had declared for her. And as jealousy, like many other things, grows by what it feeds upon, so the poor widow seemed to create, increase, and enjoy the torment which every new development offered.

She had given Serge the assurance of her love and fidelity. She had committed an error, she believed, and yet she could not have done otherwise and followed the promptings of her heart, and when she accused him most she felt that she loved him still.

As Cora sat reclining in a languid attitude, her face wearing an expression of the deepest trouble, the door suddenly opened and the servant announced the Count de Romanoff.

Florence and Cora appeared equally agitated, but the one who one would have supposed would have dreaded this unexpected visit the most was the one who most quickly collected herself and seemed prepared for the emergency.

The Count entered the room with ease, like a man unburdened with a heavy conscience, or deprecating self from the knowledge of having performed mean acts. He was self-sustaining upon all occasions. He carried upon his fine face the sign of honor. So clearly and tastefully dressed, with his close-buttoned coat, with the wrists and collar of the richest fur, that he appeared, as he entered the parlor, to Mrs. Grey, like a veritable Rembrant stepping from out its frame.

The Count had supposed that, excited by the ridiculous scene at the Opera House, the widow had fallen into another fit of jealousy, and, thinking he would not notice her refusal to see him, but persist in entering, he had gone there with the intention of having an explanation, and frankly talking with her upon the subject. Therefore, he had surprised her by the early hour of his calling.

He saluted her respectfully, and taking her hand affectionately pressed it between his own. To Cora he gravely bowed, she claiming thus much attention by being in the house of Mrs. Grey. Florence, in spite of her pain and agitation, did not fail to observe this, and every other motion of the Count, and was, as would be expected, surprised at the coolness, candor, and self-possession of his manner, and instead of attributing it to an easy conscience, as at another time she would have done, she ascribed it to a want of feeling. It is thus that love, after having broken its idol, like the sculptor who in a moment of disappointment destroys all his statues, so Florence, losing confidence, could not see any good in the Count. If the folly committed in thus distrusting the Count, and attributing to him the cunning and false practices of a destroyer of woman's happiness, could have lessened the pain of Florence's heart, then her imaginings would have been of some service to her; but every unjust suspicion drove the arrow deeper into her flesh.

"Ah, is it you, sir?" said Mrs. Grey, with evident embarrassment, glancing at Cora, who with bowed head seemed overwhelmed with grief; but who in fact was trying to gain time to concoct a plausible story for the occasion.

"Yes, Madam, it is none other, and I hope you wish for no other," said the Count, with his natural gaiety; "and, moreover, it is the one who was disgusted at your sudden disappearance from the theatre yesterday, and who wished to receive himself that I [illegible] disposition was not the same."

"You are exceedingly kind, sir," continued the young widow, bowing ceremoniously, and without inviting him to a seat. "The interest no longer belongs exclusively upon me, but upon this young lady."

"Oh, indeed," said Romanoff, lightly, casting for the first time a searching glance upon Cora Fawn.

"Yes," replied Florence, laconically.

The Count simply raised his head, looked alternately at the two women, and, after a moment's silence, resumed, with an ironical air:

"In that case there can be nothing of interest to me, and you will excuse me, and allow me to withdraw."

"I beg your pardon," said Florence, calmly. "It is of interest to you if you are, as you claim, a man of feeling. You must repair the wrong you have committed. You have now the time and opportunity, and repentance obliterates many a fault."

"Well," coolly replied the Count, "what does all this mean? Is there a wager? Is it simply pleasantry? Or is there again a mistake?"

"It's none of all these. You have a duty to perform. Here is a poor woman, who, deserted by you, claims the performance of those promises by which you have succeeded in accomplishing her ruin."

"What woman?" asked the Count, quizzingly, and half-laughing.

"Cora Fawn—this lady," said Florence, taking her hand and presenting it to the Count, who still had upon his face a very indecorous expression.

"Well, I think there is no more importance in the name than in the one who bears it."

"That is not my name, as you well know," said the distressed woman. "It is Cora Nichols. I have changed my name that my friends may not be disgraced and ashamed of me."

"You are the woman who fainted yesterday in the box at the Opera House, are you not?"

"Why do you ask? I saw you there, and the misery I felt was so great that against my will I felt unable to rise without assistance."

Mrs. Grey looked at the Count with an air of triumph, expecting to see him disconcerted at this declaration, and when he remained unmoved as if the young lady had said nothing at all, Florence seemed uncertain what course to pursue. The Count scrutinized Cora more closely and he seemed to admit himself that her talent for comedy was considerable, and taken in this point of view, the little scene in which she was taking the tragic role gave her quite a new character.

"Have you then really nothing to say?" inquired Florence, who began to grow impatient at the continued silence of the Count.

"My judgment is indifferent and my word unimportant, it seems, but as Miss Cora is quite young, handsome, and intelligent, I should judge with such qualities she might succeed upon the stage, having henceforth no occasion for attempting to dupe honest people."

"What do you mean?" inquired the widow, in a maze.

"Miss Cora can better explain it, perhaps," said the Count.

There was a pause. The imperturbable calm of M. de Romanoff, the perfect composure of his countenance, began to have their influence upon Florence. A doubt seemed entering her mind. A word, a gesture from Cora would have been sufficient to have created a complete reaction, and this word was about to be given, for Cora, touched by a momentary impulse, was on the point of throwing herself at the feet of Florence and confessing herself the emissary of Marcus, when a new thought suddenly flashed upon her. Were she able to attract him, were she able to gain his love, what a life was open to her. It could save her, regenerate her, and make of her an honest woman. She already saw herself respected, and none are so vile that they would not be thought good. With this wish in her heart she threw herself at his feet, and, as a drowning man catches at a straw, so she seized his hand, and weeping, said with an energy that carried conviction to the heart of Florence:

"Oh! my God, how much I love you. 'Tis is all the explanation I can give."

Truth carries weight, and converts of itself. The Count was, therefore, struck with the passionate and pleading tone of voice with which the young girl had uttered this confession. He was not moved with love, but sympathy, for he felt that this unhappy girl had followed a pure impulse of the heart, and he therefore felt for her pity rather than scorn.

"You hear!" said the young widow, turning to M. de Romanoff.

"I hear," he answered with a melancholy tone of voice, "and if really that could be true, I should be sad, for to love is often a great misfortune."

"Alas!" sighed the young widow.

"Yes," continued Cora, full of the new character she had assumed, "I love you, and God is my witness that I speak the truth. I declare that I cheerfully would give my life for you, and that without you I prefer death. Oh, I know too well that your heart is not mine; that it belongs to another. I know that you despise me, but I know, too, that no one on this earth has for you the depth of tenderness, and would be more devoted to you than I. Here, at your feet, I place all within your hands, my heart, my soul and all I have in this world. Command me, and I shall obey. Condemn me to a life without you, but do not doubt the sincerity of a sentiment which is my only excuse, and whose greatness at least must make it respected."

As the Count still continued silent, Mrs. Grey demanded, with a broken voice:

"Well, sir, do you find nothing to say to this poor woman."

"Yes," replied M. de Romanoff, "I shall tell her that I pity her, but that I do not know her, and that it is time to stop this farce, which has already lasted too long and should immediately terminate."

A flash of fire illuminated Cora's eyes. Her revenge, rather than that of Marcus, was now her object, and, besides, she had advanced too far to retreat.

"There is no farce here, sir; there may be a tragedy, and is does not devolve upon me to drop the curtain."

"Tragedy or comedy," continued the Count, whose pity for the loving woman was fast disappearing before the scheming female, "the *denouement* is the same, and the sooner it is over the better for all concerned."

"Oh sir, have you no feeling," pleaded Mrs. Grey.

"None for people without conscience," answered the Count. Then turning to Cora with severity, he added, "Well, Miss, let us finish this play. How much were you to receive for the part you took. Perhaps there is enough to make you refuse to accept the other," and taking his pocketbook he threw it at her feet.

A blush of shame overspread the features of Cora, and picking up the money she presented it to Mrs. Grey with, "Madam, take it, for your poor," and looking at the Count full in the face, she added:

"You are rich, sir, and believe in the power of gold; but my love for you is not of the kind which sells itself, nor is silenced for money."

Seeing that Cora did not make any movement toward leaving, M. de Romanoff looked inquiringly at Mrs. Grey. She remained cold, without uttering a word, or making a motion; with a low bow to the widow, he added, "I see that I must give place, and I beg your pardon for having remained so long. Some recent recollections may, perhaps, explain the slowness of my intelligence. For my inflicted presence upon you I feel the profoundest regret," and, looking reproachfully into her face, he slowly withdrew, hoping to be recalled.

But Mrs. Grey was in too much distress to notice what passed around her. Her blind jealousy of the Count colored all his acts. She was, as one might say, stupefied by the strange scene that had been enacted before her. She, therefore, did not, by word, look, or gesture, indicate to the Count that she wished to speak with him.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing!" said he, upon regaining the door, and before forever breaking the charm, he yet lingered upon the threshold of the home of Mrs. Grey, glad to be near her and yet resolved never to return. This was to be an eternal adieu.

With M. de Romanoff a resolution was a serious affair. As great as was his kindness, as much control as he had over himself, with strength of character and energy of will, he never compromised between duty and desire. It was possible that by this sudden determination all his hopes of happiness were forever destroyed, but it was necessary for his honor's sake. Florence, perhaps, suffered, but it was her fault. There was a limit to everything, and it was not wise or just for him to overstep that limit. One is free to do or not to do a certain act, to take or not to take a certain road in life, but when once taken we cannot but go on. The bitter draught had been poured; he had to drink it. So at least he thought.

At the last moment Florence could have recalled him. She did not. "*Alea jacta est*," sighed he. All is at an end between us. I shall never set my foot in this house again. And he departed with a firm and resolute step.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SOIREES OF COUNT DE ROMANOFF.

The Count, in settling himself in Chicago and renting the handsome residence near Hyde Park, had evidently been guided in this, as well as in all he did, by his growing love for Mrs. Grey. All had been done for an object. Yet young enough not to have lost his enthusiasm, liberal by nature as he was independent by position, he was accustomed to obey his impulses when they appeared reasonable and harmless. In his resolutions he was tenacious, as in adopting them he was governed by principle rather than caprice. He had resolved that henceforth he should cease to annoy Mrs. Grey with his presence. His dream of happiness with her had been of but short duration, but it so happened, as it often occurs in life, that a man's situation, however painful, becomes gradually endurable by modifying circumstances. New associates and events are substituted for the old. Valentine and Alice now occupied the greater part of the Count's leisure. To the old musician, though demented in everything but a knowledge of his profession, the Count became strongly attached. The old man had from his youth lived but in his art. He had grown to be a living musical encyclopedia. For hours he amused and instructed his small circle of listeners with anecdotes and stories of old times. The Count interested himself in Benedict, whom he believed to possess talent, and whom he desired to see both a great painter and a happy man. M. de Romanoff, in a word, became the centre of the little family he had adopted. He lived for it, or, in other words, he gave to it all that remained of his heart, and contented himself with the creation and enjoyment of those happy domestic recreations which are the pride of every European household. Therefore, his long evenings in his hospitable roof had many attractions. The musical, poetical, artistic, and scientific world of the city made of his house a general rendezvous, and there the tenderest affection and purest friendship reigned supreme. The circle was an intimate one, and united by the most friendly ties. The Count's most frequent visitors were Benedict and Grace, her excellent father, Dr. Stewart, Fred. Harper, that honest type of an American, his graceful wife, the beautiful Virginian, without whose presence there could be no complete *fete* in Chicago, and they, with the inmates of the household, the Count, Mr. Duval, Valentine, and Alice composed that happy little society, organized for mutual instruction and entertainment.

The Count had not concealed from Valentine that in future he should live for the comfort of his adopted children.

"The old man," he had said, "is dead in me. Florence has at last killed him; or rather put the finishing stroke to him. But, thanks to God, he will revive under a new guise. I will make of you a great singer, a lyrical tragedienne, and so will be for you a second father, and I will equally assist our Benedict to accomplish the great object for which he is striving, in order that he may marry his beloved Grace. As for poor Alice, we must let time complete its work, and if God, in His inexhaustible kindness has no new joy for her, she will at least be a happy mother. Mr. Duval will live to an old age, and in the association of the friends of his childhood, for genius is ever young, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mehul, and Gluck, without mentioning the more modern composers, he will pass his time happily."

"And you?" Valentine tenderly inquired.

"Oh! as for me, if you are all happy, my dear child, I shall be equally so. I only ask a little love and that you will make me forget that I once had too beautiful a dream to be realized upon this poor earth."

When they were all assembled in the evening, in the elegant and comfortable little parlors which M. de Romanoff had reserved for himself, the conversation flowed along in easy, light, witty streams, as if, indeed, they were in the midst of Paris, in that happy era when people knew how to engage in and enjoy that most difficult of all accomplishments, conversation, and which no where else seems possible. But the Count, like most true Russian noblemen, had the manners of a Parisian. He had lost none of that easy politeness which makes the whole world attentive and obliging. He was a musician, a lover of the poets and artists, a man of culture and refinement, and conversed upon all subjects with equal eloquence and intelligence.

Sometimes Mr. Duval related an old incident, which had occurred during his connection with the orchestra at Vienna; Valentine expressed her opinion or appreciation of such or such an opera, with the warmth and enthusiasm of youth; Benedict described a landscape which he had admired in his visits; Dr. Stuart gave some peculiarities of the habits and customs of the people among whom he practised, and all expressed their opinions upon things and people without restriction, and with an originality of expression the most charming. But, generally, the conversation was led by the Count, who had seen most and knew more than all the rest.

"Now, Count, let us hear," said Benedict, as they were all seated about him, "something of the Venetian and Sevillian schools, you promised, and Valentine will allow you for once to abandon music in favor of her sister art;" and, bowing to the young lady with dignity, "is it not so, Miss Duval?"

"Certainly," said she smiling; "the more so as all the arts are linked together; he who does not love them all is not a thorough artist."

"Well," said the Count, "let us begin then with Titian, for it was of him we spoke the other day in respect to his coloring, that essential quality which most of your American painters lack, and which is one of the reasons why you have not yet a school of your own. Titian, or rather Tiziano Vecellio, to call him by his real name, is the greatest master of the Venetian school, and certainly the greatest teacher of all schools, as regards coloring. He was born, I believe, in 1477, at Cadore, on the frontier of Friuli, and was, like Giorgione, first a pupil of Gian Bellini, an ancestor, probably, of the composer of the *Sonnambula*. He lived a century, and death at last overtook him with his brush in his hand. His biographers tell us that he was struck dead by the plague. During the whole of his long career he enjoyed one of those bright and cloudless lives which a few geniuses like Raphael, Rubens, and Canova have enjoyed. Celebrated, surrounded by proofs of admiration and respect, he was courted by Princes, and favors were heaped upon him most bountifully."

"Did he not begin by imitating Giorgione?" asked Benedict.

"Yes," answered the Count, "but he very soon created a style of his own, which was more scientific, more natural, and more attracting. Titian especially painted in a most beautiful manner women and children, whose firm and rosy flesh seemed to become real under his brush. His portraits are also executed with a superior talent which procured for him the reputation of the greatest portrait-painter of his time. His Francis I., his Paul III., and his Aretino are master-pieces of art. The celebrity, however, which he has acquired in this specialty is a little exaggerated, and is, perhaps, due to the considerable number of illustrious persons whom he had the opportunity of painting, and who thus assisted in making him popular. According to Charles V., he was himself three times immortalized by Titian. Rubens, Raphael, Rembrandt, and Velasquez, each in a different way, can be preferred to Titian, speaking exclusively of portraits. He also painted landscapes, and if in that specialty he had rivals like Poussin and Claude Lorrain, he certainly had no superior, and nobody ever equalled him in the art of presenting a rural subject.

With Titian the Venetian school entered the era of materialism, from which it could not free itself under the influence of the luxury displayed by the patricians. This luxury explains the brilliancy of coloring, the beauty of form, but also the lack of ideality and spiritualism which is observed in all the other pictures of that period. A Madonna of Titian never ceases to be a woman, while a Madonna of Raphael is always the mother of the infant God. Titian gave his angels wings, it is true, that they might fly toward Heaven, but their faces always appeared to be seeking the earth, and to the same reason the lascivity of his Bachante and the figures of his other women is attributable. He visited Rome, and there painted some fine pictures. From thence he went to Germany, where he painted the portrait of Ferdinand the First, and those of his whole family. Back at Venice again, he received the visit of Henry III., who ordered several pictures, which are to-day to be seen in Paris. He became very wealthy, but lost his whole fortune through the misconduct of an illegitimate son, Pomponio Vecellio, who spent most extravagantly, so that Titian, in his old age, thought himself happy to be given a home in the family of Malchiori, with whom he lived until his death in 1576. He was then 99 years old, and was painting a Christ which was nearly finished. His illegitimate son, then a canonical, sold his father's modest effects, and spent the money immediately with a nun, leaving to the seventeenth century the care of raising a mausoleum to the memory of the great painter. Titian had many more imitators than pupils. He did not like teaching, and, it is said, taught badly. Others, it is true, pretend that if he did not form any, or very few pupils, it was because he was afraid of finding a rival among them, and that he made a reformer of his own brother, although the latter manifested a great desire for the study of art, and had the true nature of an artist. This is probably a calumny which has been invented by envy, for it is proven that seven painters of his family were taught by him, and among others his nephew, Marco Vecellio, who painted several pictures for the Ducal Palace.

Titian had many imitators. Among the most celebrated, are Bonifacio and Andrea Schiavone. However, after Titian stands immediately the name of Jacopo Robusti, who, being the son of a dyer (tintore), was called Tintoretto, by which name alone he is known to-day.

The Grandmother.

From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen.

Grandmamma is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes shine like two stars. Yes, they are much more beautiful; they are so mild, so blessed to look into. And she can tell the most delightful stories, and she has a dress of thick silk that rustles; it is covered with large flowers.

Grandmamma knows so much, for she lived long before papa and mamma, that is certain. Grandmamma has a psalm-book, with thick silver clasps, and she reads in it often; in it there lies a rose; it is quite pressed and dry; it is not so fine as the roses she has in the vase, and yet she always smiles most kindly at it; there even come tears in her eyes. How can it be that grandmamma looks always so fondly upon the withered rose in the old book? Do you know? Each time that grandmamma's tears fall upon the flower, its color revives, it freshens again, and the whole room is filled with the scent of it; the walls disappear as though they were only fog, and all around is the green, beautiful wood, with the sun shining through the leaves, and grandmamma—yes, she is quite young! She is a beautiful girl with golden locks and blooming cheeks, engaging and lovely; no rose is more fresh; yet the eyes, the mild, blessed eyes, they are still grandmamma's. By her side is seated a youth—so young, handsome, and strong! He offers her the rose, and she smiles, but not thus smiles grandmamma! Yes!—the smile comes. He is gone; many thoughts and many forms pass by; the handsome youth is gone, the rose lies in the psalm-book, and grandmamma—yes, there she sits again as an old lady, gazing at the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now grandmamma is dead. She sat in the easy-chair, and told a long, long, delightful story. "And now it is over," she said, "and I am quite weary; let me sleep a little." Then she lay back, drew a heavy sigh, and slept; but it became more and more still, and her face was so full of peace and joy, it was as if the sun shined upon it; then they said she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin, enshrouded in pure white linen; she looked so beautiful, and yet her eyes were closed. But all the wrinkles were gone; a sweet smile played on her mouth; her hair was so silver-white, so honorable, no one could be afraid to look at her; it was still the same benign, kind grandmamma. And the psalm-book was laid under her head, as she herself had desired, and the rose lay in the old book; and so they buried her.

On her grave, close under the church-wall, they planted a rose-tree, and it stood full of blossoms; the nightingale sang over it, and from within the church the organ played the most beautiful psalms in the book that lay under her head. And the moon shone right down upon the grave; but the dead one was not there; every child could fearlessly go there at night, and pluck a rose, there by the church-yard wall.

One that is dead knows more than all we living know; the dead know the dread we should feel at anything so strange as that they should come to us; the dead are better than we all, and so they do not come. There is earth over the coffin, there is earth in it. The psalm-book with its leaves is dust, the rose with all its associations has crumbled into dust; but above, fresh roses bloom—above the nightingale sings, and the organ plays; one thinks of the old grand-mother, with the mild eyes ever young.

Eyes can never die! Ours shall one day see her, young and beautiful as when, for the first time, she kissed the fresh red rose that lies now dust in the grave.

A New Book of Sonnets.

"Intaglios" is the title of a new book of sonnets, by John Payne, just published in London, which is favorably received. The following is a specimen:

[illegible]

—People say iron natures never weep, and yet we have seen whole rows of cannon in tiers.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

July 16—Sixth Sunday after Trinity (Epis.); Seventh Sunday after Pentecost (R. C.); B. V. M. of Mt. Carmel (R. C.).
July 17—St. Alexis, Confessor (R. C.); SS. Symphorosa and sons, martyrs (R. C.).
July 18—St. Camillus de Lellis, Confessor (R. C.).
July 19—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor (R. C.); St. Margaret, Virgin and martyr (R. C.).
July 20—St. Jerome Æmilian, Confessor (R. C.).
July 21—St. Praxedes, Virgin and martyr (R. C.).
July 22—St. Mary Magdalene (R. C.); St. Laurence, bishop and Confessor (R. C.).

—The venerable Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Braintree, Massachusetts, preached his sixtieth anniversary sermon on Sunday last.

—An American Episcopal church is to be erected in the city of Rome, to cost $70,000. The enterprise has every encouragement from the Italian government.

—They have a dog at Nunda, N. Y., which goes to church every Sunday, whether his master's family do or not, and, lying down in the aisle opposite their pew, listens with reverential devotion to the sermon, and then walks home, not even stopping to notice a strange cur on the way.

The Hon. Theron Metcalf has completed the task of collecting for the library of Brown University no less than 375 octavo volumes of sermons. The collection was begun in 1842, and now at its completion 7,000 pulpit discourses have been laid quietly away on the shelf.

—Mr. Beecher's pulpit is to be supplied during some weeks to come by his son-in-law, Rev. Samuel Scoville, of Norwich, N. Y. This rising young clergyman unknown, not only for his oratorical abilities, but also for the wonderful success which has attended his exertions as a muscular Christian. He is captain of a base-ball nine, and foreman of a volunteer fire company, and it is said that of all his subordinates in the two associations mentioned, there is not now a profane or otherwise immoral man to be found, thanks to the practical piety of their chief.

—The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that "Oregon has become religiously dissolute," which means that six camp meetings are in progress in that State.

—The new Jewish Synagogue of Ahavath Chesed, at the corner of Fifty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, New York, is rapidly approaching completion. It is a magnificent building, in the Moorish style of architecture, and will have cost, when completed, $185,000.

—The Eldora (Iowa) *Ledger* vouches for the fact that the Rev. Compton, United Brethren preacher of Jackson township, never preaches unless, as he claims, by inspiration. A Sabbath or two ago a large congregation assembled at Hoffman's school-house to hear him discourse upon sacred subjects. He arose and announced as the text put into his mouth: "Stand still and behold the salvation of God." The audience waited and waited, but no inspiration came; Brother Compton slipped out the back door, mounted his nag, and was gone.

—Was the wine made by Jesus from water, at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, intoxicating? This question, apparently, was discussed lately in six successive meetings of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Philadelphia. The body was divided on the question, at the end as in the beginning of the discussion; but all united in the resolution "that, in view of the deplorable results, temporal and eternal, which in so many cases are clearly traceable to the custom of wine drinking, especially as part of a social entertainment; and in view also of the Divine precept that the strong bear the infirmities of the weak, not pleasing themselves, even as Christ also pleased not himself; this association regards the entire disuse of wine, as well as other intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, by individuals or at social assemblies, as a duty which, under the Christian law of self-denial, is now due to suffering humanity."

The Christian Union is, we fear, rather "shady" on the subject of the existence of a personal Devil. To a correspondent, who avows his own disbelief in the Arch Fiend and asks for light, the editor says: "The medieval Devil, with his impish pranks and jokes, grotesque and malignant in equal manner, is not found in Scripture, nor feared by men of sense. But we do not see that modern reason and science need deny the existence of deceived and deceiving spirits, ambitious and insubordinate, who are working out plans under a leadership of high order—a kingdom of this world, with a king, contrasted sharply with the Kingdom of Heaven and its King. 'Do we believe that there is a personal Devil? Yes or no?' No—not a devil such as the questioner has probably in mind. Yes—a devil declared in Scripture, to destroy whose works the Son of God was manifested. But we reckon faith in Jesus Christ a more important matter than fear of the Devil, or belief in his personal existence."

—The "American Baptist Year Book for 1871" gives a total of 917,445 "regular" Baptist churches, with 10,818 ordained ministers (and having 6,607 more churches than ministers), and 1,410,493 members, averaging nearly 80 members to each church. There are also about 600,000 Baptists separated from the main body, making a total of upward of 2,000,000 Baptist church members in this country. Making the customary allowance, that each church member represents, on an average, five persons connected in family or other relations, it will appear that the Baptist influence reaches 10,000,000 of our people.

—There are now at least six places open for Protestant worship in the city of Rome. Three of them belong to the "Free Italian Church," which is in the main Congregational in form and polity; one, the first opened, is occupied by the Waldensians; one by English Wesleyans, and one by the Baptists. The Free Italian Church, where Gavazzi preaches, has a congregation of 600 or 700.

—Dr. Dollinger has received an address from the Catholics of Hungary, warmly approving his course, and promising to stand by him, and, at the same time, pledging themselves to adhere to the Catholic Church in its true teaching, according to the ancient recognized order. In his reply, he tells them that "the Catholics of Hungary have been the first to perceive clearly that the legally regulated participation of laymen in the ordering and administration of the affairs of the church is the one thing most needed now by the church. In this participation they will also find the proper means to cast off the despotism which has found its full expression in the Vatican decrees, and which would bend the entire Catholic world under the arbitrary rule of a priestly authority, composed almost entirely of Italians, and of the order of Jesuits, allied to the Curia."

—The *Methodist Recorder* ascribes the decrease of 1,308 members of the English Wesleyan Conference this year to "the growing aversion to class meetings." The institution, which is regarded as "essential to the very life of Methodism," is becoming to many "distasteful and a drudgery."

—A gentleman in Philadelphia has offered to give $10,000 to the Baptist Missionary Society toward the establishment of a school for higher education among the Karens of farther India. Another in Washington offers $6,000, and one in New York $10,000, provided $100,000 be raised.

—The Higher Court in Sweden has discharged Mr. Palmquist, a Baptist missionary, who was charged with inducing a minor who attended his Sabbath-school to be immersed; also, Rev. A. Wiberg, charged with immersing a minor. The American Baptist Mission in Sweden baptised 831 converts in 1870. They have 216 churches, with 42 pastors and 35 houses of worship; also, a Theological Seminary at Stockholm, with 14 students, all promising preachers.

—The Presbyterians of Boston are moving in the matter of erecting a tabernacle, which shall accommodate three thousand hearers.

—A most remarkable revival is in progress in Newport, Monmouthshire, England, in connection with the Established Church. No less than one thousand persons are subjects of extraordinary work.

—A Lutheran Church was recently dedicated at Ann, Shelby County, Ohio. A writer, in describing the edifice, says: "But what particularly pleased me was the real churchly pulpit, constructed in the form of a goblet."

—The different branches of the Presbyterian Church in Canada will, without doubt, unite under the name of the Presbyterian Church of North America. Final action in this great movement may be reached the coming fall.

—The Episcopal Diocese of Virginia is in a flourishing condition. It has nearly 150 clergy, and twenty-nine candidates for orders. During the past twenty-five years it has added annually to its membership over 1,000 communicants, the present total being about 12,000.

—Bishop Cummins, of Kentucky, thinks the next General Convention will pass a law to the effect that no new diocese shall be organized in the Protestant Episcopal Church without a sufficient endowment fund for the support of the Bishop, thus doing away with the present mode of assessments.

—The church in this country known as the Evangelical Association has 80,000 members and 587 travelling preachers. They have been casting about for a more appropriate name by which to be designated among Christian denominations. It is proposed to the next General Conference to adopt the title of the "Evangelical Episcopal Church."

—Dean Stanley held special services in Westminster Abbey, on a recent Sunday morning, for the telegraph message boys of London. There were between 600 and 700 boys present, all dressed in uniform. The Dean preached a most excellent practical sermon.

—The Trustees of the Rev. Dr. Scudder's Congregational Church, in Ormond place, Brooklyn, have called a meeting of the pew-holders, to take immediate measures for taking down the existing structure, which is much too small, and erecting another in its place, capable of seating 2,000 persons. It is expected that the new church will be completed in January. Dr. Scudder has left for Europe, to stay till September.

—The United Greek Church comprehends those Christians who, while they follow the Greek ritual and use the Greek language and liturgy, are yet united with the Church of Rome. They admit the double procession of the spirit and the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, and accept all the doctrinal decisions subsequent to the Greek schism which have force in the Romish Church. The united Greeks follow the custom of the Orthodox Greek Church, by permission of the Pope, in regard to the marriage of the clergy, the use of trine immersion in baptism, and the administration of the communion in both kinds.

—M. Catacazy, the Russian Minister, has procured a number of designs for the contemplated Greek church and parsonage to be erected on Lexington avenue, New York, at the expense of the Russian Government. The style of the architecture will be Byzantine, with the altar facing to the east, a feature peculiar to the Greek Church. Upon its completion it will be controlled by the Rev. Mr. Bjerring.

—The *Central Advocate*, speaking of Dr. Peter Cartwright, says: "We learn that this venerable of God is failing in strength, and gradually going toward the rest of the weary itinerant. He is tenacious, because a life of such wonderful activity is now ending in necessary confinement at home. Old friends could cheer him up by writing to him at Pleasant Plains. We beg our brethren not to tax him with impossible letters. He has hosts of friends, and every former want will be supplied beyond any necessity. We ask the prayers of the Church for him."

—It is reported that there is a sect called "Soul Sleepers," in Southwestern Virginia, who believe in the annihilation of the wicked, and the sleep of the righteous until the resurrection. From a report of the correspondent of the *Christian Standard*, this doctrine is finding some favor in the churches of the Disciples of Christ in some parts of Illinois.

—Rufus Hatch, a wealthy New Yorker, lately presented a fine church organ to Rev. Mr. Goodwin and lady, of Rockford, Ill. A few Sundays since, Mr. Goodwin and lady presented the organ to the First Congregational Church, of which Mr. Goodwin is pastor.

—A writer in the New York *Observer* commends the assessment of a small tax upon churches, to defray the expenses of delegates attending religious conventions, and thus obviate the difficulty experienced by many families of moderate means in attending to their reception and board.

—The saloon keepers of Scranton, Pa., have organized against "the alarming increase of priestcraft and religious bigotry, and especially to oppose temperance in every form, and the so-called Young Men's Christian Association."

—The Levant *Herald* of May 13 publishes an account of the remarkable conversion to Mahometanism of Rev. Antonio Tien, a Syrian by birth, originally a Maronite Catholic, and then an Episcopalian missionary.

The correspondent of the *Liberal Christian* considers that the "free and constant" use of the name of Jesus in the Sabbath School, church and prayer meeting, is calculated to fill the mind with a dislike not only of orthodox theology, but of the very name of the Savior.

—The Baptist papers outside of the State of Ohio do not look favorably on the late movement pointing to a union of the Baptists and Disciples or Campbellites. They express themselves skeptical as to the final result.

—The Episcopalians in Erie have got to blessing bells. The *Dispatch* of that city gives the prayer that is to be offered on the occasion of raising a new bell in St. Paul's Church. The prayer asks for God to "bless, hallow, and sanctify" the bell; that whoever shall be called by the sound of the bell to the house of prayer may enter with thanksgiving; that those who hear the bell with outward ears may be aroused inwardly; and that all those for whose passing away the bell shall sound shall be received into the paradise of the elect.

—There is a colored woman preaching in South Carolina who during the past five years has raised money sufficient to build two large churches and establish three Sunday-Schools. The local papers state that she is an eloquent speaker.

—The *Methodist* says: The Southern Methodist minutes for 1870 appear tardily, but show a very encouraging degree of prosperity. They report thirty-five annual conferences, four of them—Los Angeles, Pacific, Columbia, and Illinois—outside of the former slave States of the Union, 2,825 traveling and 4,714 local preachers, and 561,577 white members. The increase of white members is 20,737, the decrease of colored 6,423, most of whom have probably united with the newly-organized colored church. After all deductions there is a net increase of 15,117 members. The collections for missions reach $88,675, and for conference claimants, $66,878.

—M. Popiel, the new diocesan of Chelm, in [illegible] against the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, as it is to be used as the pretext for separating that diocese from Rome. Those who follow his instructions endeavor to prove that the Pope, in the pride of his heart, has made himself equal with God, and can, therefore, no longer be acknowledged as the head of the Church militant. They also argue that those who acknowledge and reverence a man as God cannot claim to belong to the Church of Christ. These sermons are said to have made a great impression on the congregations.

TIT BITS.

"Out of sight, out of mind," as the man was said when he saw a blind lunatic.

—A dispute in regard to what was trumps was settled in Virginia by one gentleman turning up a spade, and violently smiting his opponent therewith.

—A parliamentary speaker lately remarked that innocence is like an umbrella; when once we have lost it we may never see it again.

—A little boy, three years old, who has a brother of three months, gave a reason for the latter's good conduct—"Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink any water and he can't cry milk."

—"I'm not used to begging," said a little girl to a lady of whom she had asked alms, "'cause only two weeks ago my father was a merchant!" "Why, child, how could you be reduced to poverty so soon?" "My father took a bad two-dollar bill at his peanut stand, and it ruined him," sobbed the child.

—A North Carolina paper announces that "a party of some three gentlemen" intend to spend "a second couple of months" in making a visit to the Pacific coast. A come-a-trip, evidently.

—Josh Billings says that a large policy of life insurance doesn't exactly make a man's corpse smile at his widow, but it helps amazingly to get another fellow to do it for him.

—The pavement of Paris is said to consist chiefly of asphalt. Another account of it is more correct: Paris is paved with good intentions.

—An Irishman having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving a quarter from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the money and then at him, and at last exclaimed: "I'm overpaid for the job."

—"You'd better look out for your hoss' feet above here, mister," said a ragged boy to a traveller. "Why?" said the gentleman nervously pulling up. "'Cos there's a fork in the road there," was the candid reply.

—In very hot weather you may be as disagreeable and disobliging to your friends as you please. If a coolness arises, so much the better.

—Some author says that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That's true—especially at the knees and elbows.

—"Harry," said a young lady on a seat before us at the theatre last evening, "how I should love to be an actress!" "An actress, Henrietta! why?" "Oh, it must be so nice to be made love to in such pretty words every evening!"

—A Boston lady said she would be perfectly happy if she could be sure that after death she would be turned into grass and be planted on the Common.

—The Texas *Gazette* speaks in this style of a politician of that State: "Should the brains of a decent white man be deposited in the Mississippi River at St. Louis, ten drops of river water at Vicksburg would fully restore his intellectual capacity."

—One of the jury in a recent criminal case at New Orleans, was the proprietor of a beer saloon. The counsel in the case was describing to them the character of Ganymede. The saloon-keeper was very much interested, and listened attentively. He afterwards caused the counsel to ask: "Do you understand me?" "O, yes," said the juryman. "Ganymede was a sort of beer-jerker."

—The extravagant tendencies of the present generation suggest to a clergyman the inquiry whether it would not be better to devote half of one's energies to learning to live on a very small income than to devote all of one's energies in struggling and waiting for a large income?

—One of the importunate juveniles who solicit pennies was asked, "Where is your mother?" She answered diffidently, "She's dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes, sir, but he is sick." "What ails him," continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir." "Indeed!" "Yes sir." "Then why don't he cut it off?" "Please sir," responded the little maid, "he hain't got any money to buy a knife."

—A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming any way, suggests that for garden-making a cast from back, with a hinge in it, would be an improvement on the spade in use.

—Very unkind.—(Scene—A volunteer review.)—Infuriated Commanding Officer: Hi, there, get away you madman—get away from the target! Easy-minded lunatic: Hey! no, Guv'nor, I ain't so mad as I look! I was here all day yesterday, and found it much the safest place in the field!

In order to conform to the present fashion of diminutives—Minnie, Vinnie, Lottie, and the rest—it is proposed to modernize the severe Scriptural names. Ruth should be changed to Ruthie, Boaz to Boozie, Hagar to Haggie, Job to Jobbie, and the Apostles to Mattie, Markie, Lukie, and Johnnie.

—A story is going the rounds, of an old colored man who was left in charge of a telegraph office in New Orleans while the operator went out "to see a man." A "call" came over the wires, and Uncle Pete shouted at the instrument as loud as he could: "De operator isn't yer!" The noise ceased instanter.

—Mrs. Mehitable Proudfit, says the Boston *Transcript*, who has an exaggerated idea of the deference due from domestics, declares that the commission of which Mr. George W. Curtis is the head would deserve everlasting thanks if they could only introduce civil service into the household.

—Mrs. Fair's remark, "If poor, dear Crittenden were alive he would get me off," is only paralleled by the youngster who murdered his father and mother, and didn't think the Judge "ortor hang a poor orphing."

—"Composition day," says *Fanny Fern*, "in my schooldays, was only a delight to me. But you should have seen the idiot I was in arithmetic or algebra, or historical dates! How I pinched the girl next me to help me out; and how gratefully I remembered it, in after years, and embroidered my gratitude on her first baby's little flannel petticoats!"

A naughty little boy blubbering because his mother wouldn't let him go to the river on Sunday, upon being admonished, said: "I don't want to go a-swimmin' with 'em, ma; I only want to go down and see the bad little boys drown for going a-swimmin'."

—A crusty old bachelor says that "love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a deal of lying."

—"Where was I, ma," said a little urchin to his mother, as he stood gazing at his drunken and prostrate father: "where was I when you married pa? Why didn't you take me along; I could have picked out a better man than he is."

—A young lady of Louisville, having received very urgent proposals of marriage from an old gentleman, sent the following answer by mail:

Why thus urge me to compliance?
Why compel me to refuse?
Yet though I court not your alliance,
Perchance a younger I may choose.
For 'tis a state I'll never disparage,
[illegible]
I go not, sir, adverse to marriage,
I but dislike to marri-age.

—Some men show most wisdom in making blunders. A Western journalist seems to have been wiser than he knew, when, drawing upon his memory for poetical quotations about woman, he delivered himself in his newspaper as follows:

O, woman, in thine hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
[illegible]
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

It is doubtful if Scott and Pope, so essentially unlike, could, with the greatest care, be again so happily combined to present an old subject in a new light.

—Mayne Reid was once a gallant soldier and distinguished himself in the Mexican war. He was wont to recite poetry, and in the wrath and disgust of his brother officers. One day he roared out:

"At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece her knee [illegible]"

"I say, Reid," interrupted Ned Marshall, "why did the greeks bend her knees?" "What?" "You said 'greece her knees.' Now, the question that agitates the country is, why did she grease her knees?" The gay Lieutenant glared for a moment in blank amazement, and said sternly: "You're a fool." A duel was the consequence, in which Ned Marshall, with his usual luck, got the worst of it.

FOREIGN.

Great Excitement at Hong Kong Respecting the Corean Difficulty.

Riotous Demonstrations at Brussels in Opposition to the Pontiff's Jubilee.

Manifesto to French Electors by the Republican Journalists.

Crowds of Visitors Daily Arriving in Paris.

CHINA.

THE SECRET POINT IN COREA.

HONG KONG, June 16.—News of the fight between the American expedition and the Coreans causes much excitement among foreigners here. Despatches from Washington are anxiously looked for. It is expected that Admiral Rogers will commence hostile operations unless he receives orders to the contrary.

BELGIUM.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE—RIOTS.

BRUSSELS, June 16.—The King and Queen of the Belgians have written to the Pope to congratulate him on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pontificate.

BRUSSELS, June 16.—The churches and many houses were illuminated to-night, in honor of the Papal anniversary, but the celebration is attended with some disorder. Violent anti-Papal demonstrations are made by large crowds, who pass through the streets and smash the illuminated windows. The troops still keep within their barracks; but a force of special constables has been called out and several arrests have been made. The Italian flag is frequently displayed, and large numbers of citizens wear the Italian colors in their button-holes.

FRANCE.

REPUBLICAN MANIFESTO.

PARIS, June 16.—The Republican journals have united in a manifesto to meet the electoral programme put forth by the monarchical press. They declare that a republic is the only national and legitimate expression of the national sovereignty; monarchy implies its abdication. They will give their support to the candidates who are pledged to maintain the *status quo*.

THE FRENCH LOAN

will be issued on June 26, if the Assembly passes the bill authorizing it before that date.

THE STATE OF SIEGE AT PARIS.

The *Verite* says the state of siege will be raised on June 26.

CANDIDATES FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

The Duke of Chartres is a candidate for the Assembly in La Vendee. The Duke D'Aumale is moving into his chateau.

REORGANIZATION.

The *Journal of Paris* reports that the Central Committee has been reorganized, under the name of the Central Committee of the Federal National Guard, with M. Doniercw as President, and M. Reynolds Tieard, Vice President.

DIPLOMATIC.

Count Burgoyne has been appointed Minister to the Hague.

DISCHARGED.

A number of natives of Switzerland, taken prisoners during the last day's insurrection, have been discharged.

CLUSERET.

There is a rumor that Cluseret has been arrested.

MASSES

will be said in all the churches of Paris, on Tuesday, for the souls of the victims of the civil war.

CROWDS OF VISITORS

arrive by every train, and business is improving. The city is healthy.

EVACUATION.

The German troops have evacuated Chantilly.

ENGLISH MISREPRESENTATIONS.

The *Official Journal* has a strong article, showing a portion of the English press for hostility to France. It stigmatizes their misrepresentations as cold-blooded and cowardly, and charges that some of the writers were bribed during and since the war.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PROFESSOR BERNARD.

LONDON, June 16.—The *Observer* announces that Professor Montague Bernard, late of the Joint High Commission, will enter the Privy Council.

DISRAELI.

There is no truth in the reports which have just been received that Disraeli is to be deposed from the leadership of the opposition.

FENIAN ARMS STOLEN.

DUBLIN, June 16.—A party of men, supposed to be Fenians, broke into the militia armory at Mallow, on Saturday night, and carried off 150 rifles. The sentinel fired upon the men as they were leaving, but all escaped. Some of the arms were subsequently found secreted in a neighboring field. Five persons have been arrested on suspicion.

WEST INDIES.

GENERAL MARMOL.

[illegible] the Havana, who, at the opening of the revolution, raised a band of 600 negroes, in the jurisdiction of Guantanamo, offered to surrender to General Palanca, at Santiago de Cuba. General Palanca sent a message to him that, unless Marmol brought in a certain number of insurgents with him, unless he should [illegible] Marmol demands as a condition for the pardon of an officer of his band. Marmol thereupon went to Carpo Santa, accompanied by a friend, and surrendered to the Spanish commander. His case was referred to General Balmaseda, and he will probably be shot.

AUSTRIA.

RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

VIENNA, June 16.—In the Hungarian Delegation last week, in committee, to whom the subject was referred, agreed to a vote of confidence in the government's policy of friendly intercourse with Germany. Prime Minister Von Beust, addressing the Committee, said the government harbored no designs against Germany. Austria will keep her engagements with the Pope, and will not interfere with the temporal power of the Pope, but at Prussia's desire the Austrian Ambassador still remained at Rome, with the consent of the Italian Government.

ITALY.

MILITARY LEVY.

FLORENCE, June 17.—The result of the first levy for the Italian army in the new Roman Provinces is satisfactory. King Victor Emanuel is going to Naples. On his return he will visit Rome.

[illegible]

ILLINOIS.

Celebration of the Papal Anniversary at Quincy.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

QUINCY, Ill., June 18.—The celebration, today, by the Catholics, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reign of Pope Pius IX., by far exceeded any religious demonstration ever witnessed here. The four churches in this city were crowded, [illegible] the churches were beautifully decorated with evergreens, both interior and exterior, and also the residences of every Catholic in the city. The most attractive feature of the procession [illegible] little girls, each crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carrying flags bearing the names of the various Popes since the reign of St. Peter. The vast assembly was addressed this afternoon and at night. The city is splendidly illuminated.

The Peoria Peace Jubilee.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

PEORIA, June 18.—The grand peace jubilee and Junifest, for which the Germans have been preparing, begins to-morrow. Delegations from different parts of the State are arriving to-day, and by morning all will be here. The exercises of the first day will consist of a grand jubilee procession, participated in by all civic and military societies, trades, turners, &c., and a grand demonstration at Central Park. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll and Hon. W. E. O'Brien are the speakers. Tuesday will be devoted to prize turning, closing in the evening with a ball at the Opera House. The German population have been arranging, for some time, for this event, and it promises to be a complete success. The principal business houses will be closed, and every one will join in the general holiday.

THE PLAINS.

Charged with Assault—A Denial—Illegal Traffic.

ST. LOUIS, June 18.—A despatch from Fort Leavenworth says: The commanding officer at Fort Harker, Kas., a few days ago, at the request of the United States Marshal, arrested three Government [illegible] One of the men, named Anderson, is charged with stealing eleven mules from the Government. The mules have been traced to Sheridan and Kit Carson, where an officer is taking proper steps to have them returned to the government.

There is no truth in the report that a surveying party was recently attacked in the Cimarron River by Indians, and their stock captured.

General Grierson, commanding the District of New Mexico, has been instructed to prosecute the Mexicans illicitly engaged in illegal traffic with the Indians on the border of Texas to the utmost rigor of the law.

The Recent Indian Council.

ST. LOUIS, June 18.—T. D. Griffin, agent for the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, arrived here today from the council at Okmulgee, Indian Territory. The tribes represented in the council were the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Osages, Seminoles, Shawnees, Delawares, Senecas, Quapaws, Wyandottes, Peorias, Ottawas, Kiowas, Keechies, and Loupouraris. The council was represented by the commissioner, [illegible] Mr. Griffin, agent of the Choctaws and Chickasaws; F. B. Bates, agent of the Creeks; James [illegible] in charge of the affiliated tribes of the Osages and others. Mr. Griffin does not give the result of the council, only saying that it was a harmonious one. [illegible]

AQUATIC.

Commodore Ashbury and the New York Yacht Race—Regatta at Buffalo on July 4.

NEW YORK, June 18.—Commodore Ashbury's yacht, the Livonia, will leave for this port the first week in August, to meet the representative of the Royal Harwich Club in the race of the New York Yacht Club for the Queen's cup. The New York Yacht Club [illegible] requiring six months' notice of [illegible] the *Herald* says [illegible] evidently expects to carry out the original programme of coming to New York at the time specified, to sail the race, and of carrying off the cup. [illegible]

BUFFALO, June 18.—The Committee of the Regatta on the Fourth of July have [illegible]

MISSOURI.

Raid on Gamblers—Extraordinary Suicide.

ST. LOUIS, June 18.—The Chief of Police, [illegible]

[illegible]

NEW YORK.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK, June 18.—[illegible]

[illegible]

VALLANDIGHAM.

The Obsequies to Take Place Tuesday—Further Particulars of the Shooting.

DAYTON, June 18.—[illegible]

[illegible]

MICHIGAN.

Decoration Ceremonies—Deaths.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

DETROIT, June 18.—[illegible]

[illegible]

INDIANA.

The New School Law—Educational Convention—Congress.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 18.—[illegible]

FISK.

Religious Services at the Theatre.

BOSTON, June 18.—[illegible]

[illegible]

The Government of Ohio.

CINCINNATI, June 18.—[illegible]

Fires.

[illegible]

The Bunker Hill Anniversary.

BOSTON, June 17.—[illegible]

Marine.

CHICAGO, June 18.—[illegible]

Acquittal.

NEW ORLEANS, June 18.—[illegible]

The Locusts.

[illegible]